Week ending February 16 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

MOSCOW TRIED TO MAKE MY RUSSIAN WIFE DIVORCE ME

by WILLIAM RICKITTS

Soccer fan who scouts for talent—by Stanley Russell

ACT QUICKLY!

Tackle that Cold in its early stages with this simple 'Two-Way' Treatment . . . and you'll have a real chance of throwing it off quickly.

THE germs that cause most of the misery of Colds have an 'incubation period' of from 24 to 36 hours in the membranes of the nose and throat. This fact gives you a real chance of killing them off, with the T.C.P. 'Two-Way' Treatment, before they can multiply, and the Cold becomes established. The more so, because you get an early warning that the germs are there—sneezing, perhaps, a 'throat,' or dampness on your handkerchief.

This is the simple treatment :—

First, you gargle frequently and rinse out the nostrils with diluted T.C.P. T.C.P. is a most effective antiseptic, and this local treatment tackles the infection in the nose and throat. It also clears clogged nostrils, and soothes throat soreness.

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It is this *extra* internal action that makes the T.C.P. 'Two-Way' Treatment so effective in stopping most Colds outright, if you start it early enough.

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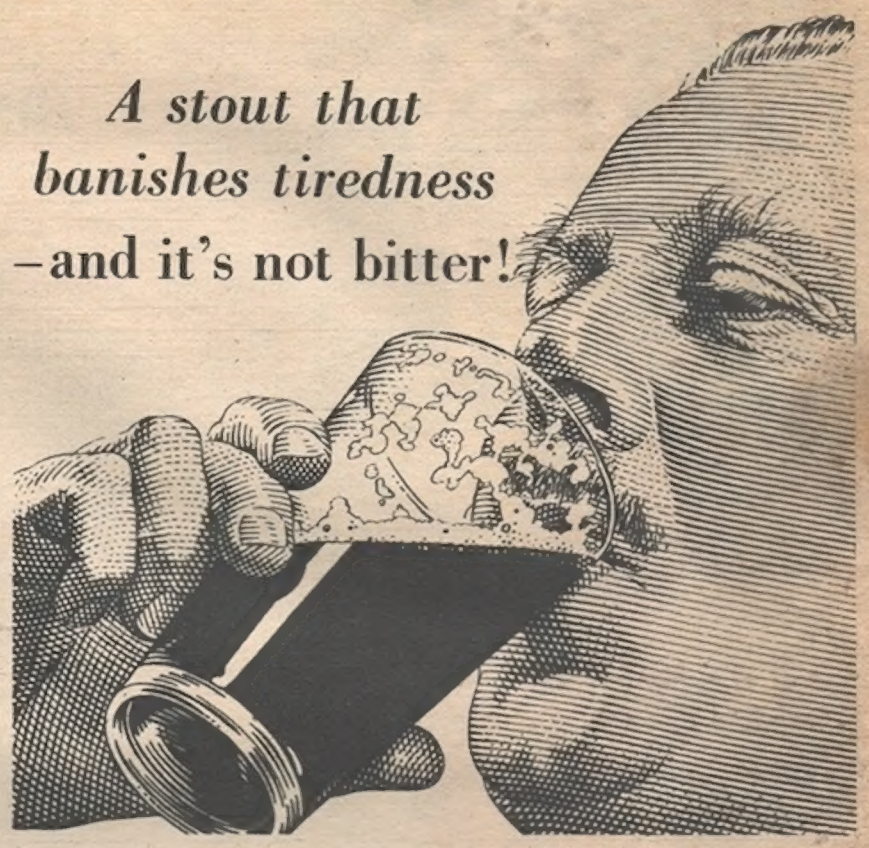

THE TASTE of most stout is on the bitter side—this is why many people like it. But others prefer a smoother, softer drink, with never a bitter edge to it. They prefer Mackeson's. After a hard day's work, they find fresh life and energy in every glass.

MACKESON'S

. . . you'll like it better!

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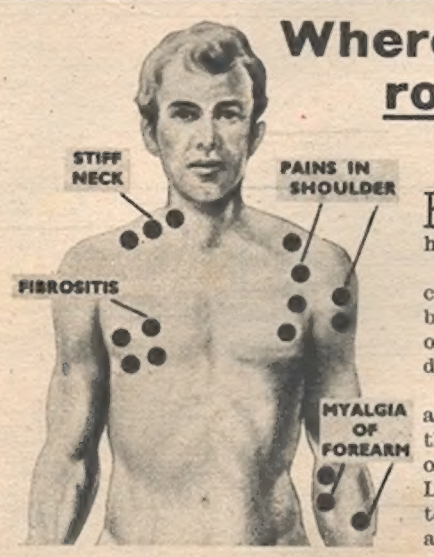

Where is the root of your Rheumatism?

HERE IS NEWS for Rheumatic Sufferers! A new treatment for the relief of pain has been discovered!

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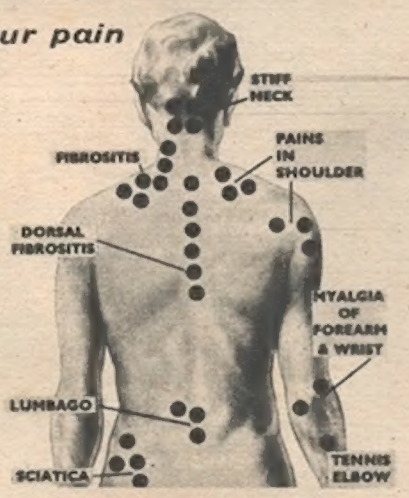
The genuine Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream can be obtained from any good chemist, including all branches of Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, at 5/- & 7/- a jar. Get some today and prove for yourself how rapidly it brings relief.



IMPORTANT WARNING
Be sure to insist on Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream, the cream used in the clinical tests upon which this treatment is based. Lloyd's is the brand described in "*The Lancet*" ('50 11 395) as the "most satisfactory . . ."

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THE NATION MOURNS

THE death of a King is always a time of sadness for a nation. In these past days we have learnt that it can be heart-breaking, too. The terrible shock and grief which is felt by all who knew and loved the King, and rejoiced in his apparently good recovery from his very serious illness, tells its own story. The greatest tribute to King George VI is written in the hearts of his people.

WHEN the dreadful news flashed round the world from Sandringham, the nation could scarcely believe it.

People were still talking about the happy family scene—only a few days before—at the Royal farewell to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh on their departure for their Australian journey, now so cruelly interrupted. There was an atmosphere of relief and happiness in the thought that in a month or so, the King would be leaving for his convalescence at sea and in South Africa.

Advance copies of JOHN BULL discussing the South African visit in these columns were already being printed. Some of these copies may actually be in the hands of a few readers. They are a reminder of the suddenness of the tragedy that has overwhelmed the nation, and which is felt in every part of the world—especially throughout the vast Commonwealth family now in mourning.

To the Queen Mother in her special sorrow; to the Queen who has been suddenly called to assume her great responsibilities, in circumstances of grief and shock; and to the whole of the Royal Family in their loss, we extend our deepest sympathy.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

JOHN BULL presents a new cover artist this week—Fritz Wegner, a young Viennese who cameto England at fourteen. His son, Charles, gave him the idea for this painting. Every night at the nursing home where Charles was born, the fathers were herded off to see their babies. Old hands, says Wegner, were easy to spot. They would coo, cluck, hiss and appear suitably impressed. New fathers seemed unable to believe it all.

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* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

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FREE SPEECH

Customs dues may keep out gifts

FOR SIX YEARS I have been a resident of the United States but I still retain my British citizenship, and I feel, with many others in America, that the British customs are not playing the game.

When I sent a parcel marked "Christmas gifts and food" to my relatives in England, the customs had the audacity to charge £1 19s. 11d. duty before the package was handed over. This was more than the contents had cost. It is getting to the point where people in America cannot send gifts to their friends and relatives in Britain because the people who receive the gifts cannot afford the duty. — MRS. PEGGY VAN DOREN, 5447 Grant Road, Mountain View, California, U.S.A.

In The Tatung Siege

WITH MY HUSBAND and two very small daughters, I was inside Tatung during the whole of the siege of that Chinese city in 1926, so I was interested to read Mary Ball's account of the siege in her wonderful articles "I Loved A Wicked City" (JOHN BULL, December 15—January 12). The siege lasted twelve weeks, and my husband was the "young Salvation Army officer" mentioned in Mary Ball's articles, who was let down over the city wall to try to make peace with the attackers. I was more than glad when he returned safely the following day. When I was given the opportunity to leave the city at the

Tatung's wall after the siege

same time as other women were got out by being lowered over the wall, I decided to stay. I shall never forget the day the siege was lifted. The streets were thronged with people laughing and greeting each other, all glad that the war, for that time at any rate, was over. I also remember that when my second daughter was born at the Mosse Memorial Hospital in 1925, Mary Ball was one of my nurses.—MRS. M. HANNEVIK, St. Halvards Gt 67, Oslo, Norway.

Puppies Can Take It

ON BEHALF OF pedigree dog breeders, who rear puppies correctly for sale at six to eight weeks, may I comment on the advice given by the secretary of the Tailwaggers' Club ("Free Speech," January 26), who said that puppies should not be bought until three months' old. A bitch will not tolerate puppies much longer than the fifth week after birth, owing to sharp teeth and claws. Where a litter is kept small in numbers and big puppies are reared, the puppies are quite safe away from the bitch after the sixth week, provided that they are correctly weaned and fed. After the first day or two of missing the others, one puppy alone has a much better chance than when left in a litter, as there is always a good deal of fighting and bullying, of which the smaller pups must bear the brunt. This often mars their characters for life. To keep all puppies until three months' old would result in many torn ears and damaged eyes.—IRENE R. WHITTAKER, Dyneley Alsatians, Longton, Preston, Lancs.

Blissful Ignorance

MOTORISTS SHOULD DEVISE some simple signal whereby they can convey to a driver ahead that they have something to tell him. I have seen a silencer balanced precariously, a rear door swinging dangerously, a strapped suitcase about to fall to the ground. The drivers of the vehicles concerned

were blissfully unaware that anything was wrong and my attempts to attract their attention by hooting only spurred them on to greater speed. — H. G. HERVEY, 55 Hayes Hill, Hayes, Kent.

Silencing The Phones

AS AN EVENING AND NIGHT OPERATOR at a telephone exchange, I have noticed that the traffic in every sort of telephone call fluctuates astonishingly according to the radio and television programmes. When a big fight is on, or Churchill is speaking, one or more operators can be released from the switchboard. While the periodic bulletins on *Flying Enterprise* were being broadcast, we had regular spells of comparative idleness. Plays also slacken traffic if they are of the "whodunit" type.—NIGHT OPERATOR, Lincs.

Continued On Page . . .

THOUGH I cannot speak too highly of the stories and articles in JOHN BULL each week, what annoys me is that, just as I am getting interested, I reach the bottom of the page and read, "Continued on page. . . ."—LESLIE BAILEY, 22b Pentrich Road, Swanwick, Derbyshire.

Much of JOHN BULL'S *popular pictorial display, including colour illustrations, would have to be sacrificed if every article and story followed through on consecutive pages. It is possible to print in colour only on certain pages. The present system ensures both a good distribution of illustrations and reasonable text space for full-length articles and stories. The slight trouble of turning pages is minimized by placing easily-seen page numbers at the bottom outside corners of pages.*

The Happy Policemen

HAVING BEEN IN MALTA for seven months on National Service, I have seen some odd customs which indicate that a policeman's lot is a happy one in this island. For example, a policeman can go into a shop and ask for cigarettes, putting half a crown on the counter. If you watch carefully, you will see that most shopkeepers give him two shillings and sixpence change.—R.A.M.C., Malta Garrison.

Thwarted Ambitions

IT IS MY DUTY as an education officer in the Royal Air Force to help airmen to choose suitable employment on returning to civil life. All too often I find that the man's ambitions are hopelessly out of step with his educational attainments. The careers of keen and capable men are strangled because they were not made to realize, at school and at home, that their bread and butter will depend on their standard of education. Many only awaken to this deficiency when they have assumed the responsibility of supporting a wife and children. Is it because parents and teachers do not sufficiently stress this practical motive for learning? — FLIGHT LIEUTENANT J. B. FOREMAN, 8 Windsor Avenue, North Billingdon, Uxbridge, Middx.

Commonwealth Tip

PEOPLE FROM BRITAIN who may have been deterred from emigrating by the thought that they might not get on may like to know that in Invercargill, New Zealand, where I live, the following important posts are held by people who have come out from Britain: city electrical engineer, city librarian, medical officer of health, gas distribution engineer, credit manager of a big local business, clerk in charge of a sub-branch of a bank. One of the local doctors also came from Britain. Incidentally, this city is in the extreme south of the South Island and is the most southerly city in the British Commonwealth.—POMMIE, Invercargill, New Zealand.

Jill Of All Trades

STEADY JOBS ARE USUALLY thought to be best for young people, but my own experience makes me wonder whether this is true. Since leaving school six years ago, I have had a variety of jobs —as nursery teacher, shop assistant, professional singer, security officer and policewoman. Most people say that my trouble is that I do not know what to do. But I have developed many varied interests, have a first-hand knowledge of several different kinds of work and a deeper understanding of people in varying walks of life. I can talk intelligently, if not learnedly, on a wide variety of subjects, and this seems to me recompense enough.—MISS M. SCRASE, 29 Morton Gardens, Wallington, Surrey.

No Playing At Soldiers

DISAPPOINTMENT SEEMS to be felt in official quarters over the poor response to the call for volunteers for the resurrected Home Guard. As a last war volunteer, I think that the reasons

Home Guard training, London, 1941

are boredom and the lack of imaginative and systematic training. There was too much frustration caused by time wasted hanging about or listening to ill-prepared lectures. I shall not rejoin until it is reasonably certain that men with plenty of other useful things to do will not again be subjected to this farcical playing at soldiers. — EX-VOLUNTEER, Kent.

Better Than A Miracle

BEING A FARMER'S WIFE, I am tired of hearing farmers derided as feather-bed occupants one moment and praised as miracle workers the next. Producing more meat, for example, in less than three or four years, would be a miracle, indeed. No farmer can sink all he has in such an effort unless assured of a reasonable return for all the work and waiting. We do not need miracles, but a Government policy—revealed before it is too late to act on it.—MRS. ANN DE BERTOUCHE, Esgairgors, Swyddffynon, Ystrad Meurig, Cardiganshire, Wales.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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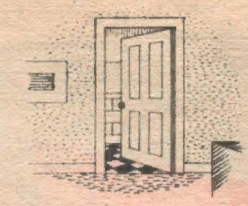
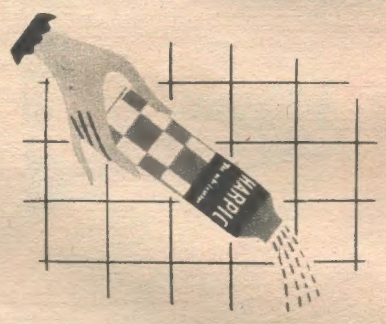


A hint about the "smallest room"



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Then leave overnight so that germ-killing Harpic can get to work. First thing next morning—flush the bowl.

No brush can reach round the hidden S-bend where disease germs can breed. But Harpic can—it deep-cleans!

**What? Every night? Yes—many women now use Harpic daily. After all, they argue—the lavatory is used every day!*

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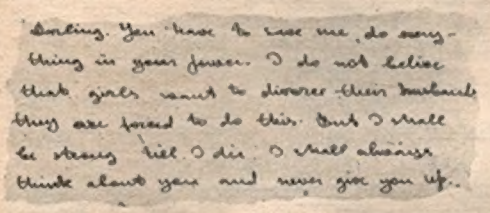
MY RUSSIAN WIFE'S HEARTBREAKING LETTERS


Darling. You have to save me, do anything in your power. I do not believe that girls want to divorce their husbands they are forced to do this. But I shall be strong till I die. I shall always think about you and never give you up.

William Rickitts

HELD in Russia against her will by the refusal of the Soviet Government to grant her an exit visa, Iraida Evgenievna Rickitts wrote these letters to her English husband after he had been sent back to Britain soon after their marriage. In this second instalment of the story of their struggle for permission to live together, William Rickitts, a former employee of the British Embassy in Moscow, tells how the wife whom he knew tenderly as Erenochka or Erena defied the efforts of Soviet officials to make her apply for a divorce—a defiance which continued until she was kidnapped outside Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre last October.

Moscow tries to break our marriage

by WILLIAM RICKITTS

IT WAS NOW NINE MONTHS since the plane had taken me from Moscow and my wife Erena, and still we were no nearer to being reunited. Her letters remained hopeful and confident, but soon they began to contain disquieting news.

January 6, 1947.—"My darling, a terrible thing happened the other night. I was returning to my home from a friend's at one o'clock and after I had crossed the square I heard footsteps behind me. To discover whether the man was following me, I crossed the road. He crossed after me. I turned my head to look at him and he said something. I began to run then and he followed me. I ran to the corner where the militiaman always stands, and the man who was following me turned away at last."

He may just have been a night prowler, but I remembered how Erena and I had always been followed in Moscow, and how I sometimes lost my temper with these persistent shadows and turned on them, ordering them away. Now there was no one to do this for Erena.

It is not easy to write all one feels and sometimes we quarrelled over silly, trivial things.

February 13, 1947.—"Darling, please do not quarrel with me. You do not want to be miserable and to make me miserable. I have discovered that some of the wives had been refused their visas. It was a great shock to me. I hope that the Foreign Ministers' conference in Moscow will do something about it. Darling, will you write to Mr. Bevin while he is here?"

The coming Ministers' conference had weighty affairs to discuss, but it seemed to me that the simple, human problem of Erena and myself was perhaps the key to their postwar perplexities. I wrote to Mr. Bevin and Erena told me that the waiting wives in Moscow were writing, too.

March 10, 1947.—"I hope all is well with you. I have been thinking so much about you and

Erenochka Rickitts. "All the time," she wrote, "I expect something terrible to happen to me"

then I cried again. You know we wrote that letter to Mr. Bevin. The Ministers' conference starts today and I think it will last for a long time.

"None of us is well. My father is quite bad. He is in bed, he looks terrible, very thin and old. I am sorry for him, he can be so nice to all of us. But now for pleasant news. There was a party at the Embassy and many people of different nationalities were there. In the afternoon I bought a present for my mother, a piece of cake, and now I have no money."

March 24, 1947.—"Darling, exciting news! A decree has been passed forbidding Soviet citizens to marry foreigners. Many people say that this decree will hasten our visas."

Stalin Was Asked To Help

At the time I thought so, too. The decree seemed to me inexplicable and inhuman, but I believed that the Soviet Government would be glad to release those women who had already married foreigners. I was wrong.

April 2, 1947.—"I have just received your letter in which you write of the new decree. It was a shock for many people here. We had hoped that, after all, all Russian women who were already married to foreigners would be granted their visas. But the situation has not changed. We must continue to wait. If things get worse I am afraid we shall suffer. We have heard that Bevin spoke to Generalissimo Stalin about us and he said that there was nothing he could do. This does not mean a refusal, of course, because Generalissimo Stalin has more important business."

May 5, 1947.—"The conference in Moscow has ended, and there is no word about our visas. I am afraid you will grow tired of waiting for me, because it will be a long time, I think, before you see me. Be true and wait patiently for me, will you, Williamochka?"

I waited patiently and it was not always easy, particularly when for weeks I had no word from Erena at all.

September 4, 1947.—"I am sorry I caused you so much worry because I have not written. I have been ill and I have spent a lot of money on doctors, and I do not know what I shall do now because I have not got even a rouble. I wanted to die when I was ill. My father is angry. He says he does not understand why my husband does not send any parcels. What do you think I could answer? Nothing. I just cried. Darling, you have to help me. I don't know how, it is up to you to decide, but it seems to me that my coming to you is still far off.

"Perhaps it is only a rumour but it is good news to hear that prices will be lowered soon. Many new shops are opening and collective farmers bring vegetables and fruit from the villages. I hope with all my heart that there is to be sunshine for my people again. They are so tired of hardships and it is wonderful to see a gradual improvement in our lives.

"I don't think English people suffered as much as we Russians during the war. People here tell me that it is wonderful to live in England, and that you have plenty of everything."

Branded As "Traitors"

That letter came after I had tried to tell Erena some of the difficulties of life in Britain. She sprang loyally, as always, to the defence of her country. She loved Moscow as I love London.

Then the Supreme Soviet ratified the decree against marriage to foreigners and I read that the Russians regarded any Soviet citizen who married a foreigner as a "traitor."

September 11, 1947.—"I did not write to tell you about the decision of the Supreme Soviet because I did not want you to be upset. Of course, my darling, they cannot keep us here for ever, and things will be decided favourably, but it will take time.

"We celebrated Moscow's eight hundredth anniversary with a great holiday. Oh, it was a wonderful day. I think there must have been more people in the streets than on Victory Day, and, as for lights, Moscow has never seen so many. The whole of the Kremlin was outlined in lights; it was wonderful.

"There was a salute of guns followed by searchlights and fireworks. I stayed in the streets with friends for nearly four hours. Everybody was dancing. They danced in the squares and the streets. Along the kerbs were stalls selling funny little toys. Lots of people came to our party at home. My brother, Ura, brought his girl, Nadya; do you remember her?"

Pushkin Square, near Erenochka's home in Moscow, of which she wrote: "A terrible thing happened. I heard footsteps behind me. A man was following and I began to run"

Food From The Embassy

Then she was ill again, with malaria, and I believe that bad treatment from doctors resulted in anaemia. People in the British Embassy helped her with medicine and food, but her doctor warned her to be careful during the winter. Moscow winters are bitter and cruel.

She wrote to say that her brother Ura had married his Nadya and I knew how happy and how sad this made her feel. The nagging uncertainty, the seemingly endless separation, made us quarrel again. But we made up and she wrote, "I hope there will be no angry letters between us in the future."

November 14, 1947.—"I cannot help worrying, and you are so far away and you cannot drive away my dark thoughts. People tell me that they are convinced we shall soon be together, and they tell me that, of course, all the wives will get their visas. Darling, your love for me is not dying, is it? I am so afraid that you will get tired of waiting and will give me up. If that happened I don't know what would happen to me. I could not live without you."

In London, some of the husbands had grouped together; they wrote letters to Molotov and paraded the streets in demonstrations. I took no part in this, not through indifference, but through lack of confidence in its success.

December 1, 1947.—"We heard that some husbands had walked up and down the streets in London wearing placards, asking for our release. Wouldn't it be wonderful if this did come? I cannot understand why we are kept apart. Only one thing would hold me to Russia and that is my mother. My poor, darling mamochka, I love her so much! And yet one day I shall have to leave her and make her unhappy.

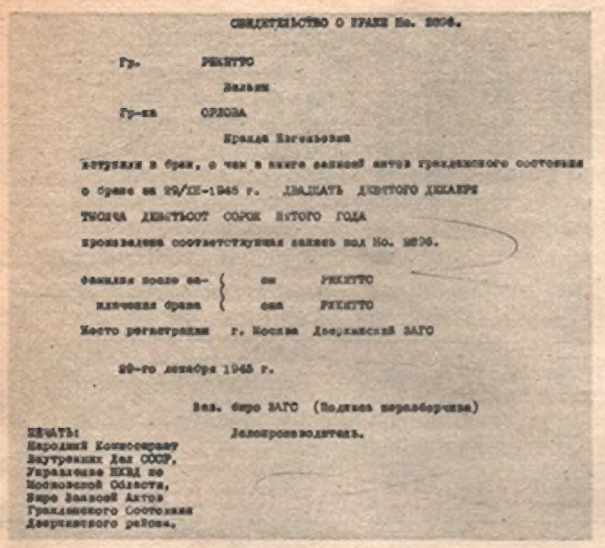
"We are going to have a new currency here, so people are madly buying everything they can because they are afraid of losing money. There is nothing in the shops at all, all the shelves are empty. There are rumours that ration cards are to be abolished. I hope so."

February 18, 1948.—"I have heard that one of the Russian wives is to divorce her husband. This will not be at all good for the rest of us. But in spite of all that may happen I shall never divorce you. Darling, if you have to wait for me for a long time will you still wait? If I am advised to divorce you I shall refuse. Darling, believe me, I want to be with you and I shall never give you up. You, too, must be strong and patient, and please have hope and wait for me, for I feel that sooner or later I shall join you in England. You are anxious. But, darling, my visa, like all the others, is still under consideration and I have had no reply yet."

We never knew a reason for the delay. It was now nearly two years. Once more I sent her documents, a letter from my employer, confirmation of my address in London, a letter from me swearing that I would love her and look after her. Then silence still. I told her that I would come to her, somehow.

March 5, 1948.—"That was a wonderful letter. You know I want to see you so much and it would be happiness for me to see you again. But on the other hand I am afraid it will bring me a lot of sorrow when you go away again. Do you remember our parting at the airport? I was quite ill afterwards. You know, darling, I would rather see you again—in England."

Mine was a foolish suggestion. How does one visit Russia? You cannot go to Moscow as you



СВИДЕТЕЛЬСТВО О БРАКЕ No. 2896.

Гр. РЕКИТТО
Вилли

Гр-ка ОРЛОВА
Ирида Вргильевна

вступили в брак, о чем в книге записей актов гражданского состояния
о браке за 29/XII-1945 г. ДВАДЦАТЬ ДЕВЯТОГО ДЕКАБРЯ
ТЫСЯЧА ДЕВЯТЬСОТ СОРОК ПЯТОГО ГОДА
произведена соответствующая запись под No. 2896.

Фамилия после заключения брака { он РЕКИТТО / она РЕКИТТО

Место регистрации г. Москва Дзержинский ЗАГС

29-го декабря 1945 г.

Зав. отд ЗАГС (Подпись уполномоченного)
Делопроизводитель.

ПЕЧАТЬ:
Народный Комиссариат
Внутренних Дел СССР,
Управление НКВД по
Московской Области,
Бюро Записей Актов
Гражданского Состояния
Дзержинского района.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE No. 2896.

Citizen RICKITTS
William

Citizenness ORLOVA
Irelda Evgenievna

have contracted a marriage, concerning which an appropriate entry has been made under No. 2896 in the Marriage Register of Acts of Civil Status on the 29/12/1945 twenty ninth December One thousand nine hundred and forty five.

Surname after conclusion of marriage: { He RICKITTS / She RICKITTS

Place of registration: Moscow, Bureau of Acts of Civil Status of Dzerzhinski District.

29th December, 1945.

SEAL:
People's Commissariat
for Internal Affairs USSR,
Managing Department of P.C.I.A.
for Moscow Province,
Bureau of Acts of Civil Status

Manager of Bureau of Acts of Civil Status (Signature Illegible)
Secretary.

Marriage that Soviet officials called a mistake: the certificate with translation

might go to Manchester. To cheer her up I told her how the British Government was interested in our case.

March 12, 1948.—"I'm glad. The other day I heard that your Government is forwarding the case of Russian wives to UNO. I think such action will be decisive and I hope it will be resolved in our favour. On the other hand, some of the wives went to your Ambassador here and he warned them that there was little hope of getting visas unless the international situation became easier. He said that might be two or three years yet."

Told To Get A Divorce

It was hopeless to expect even the United Nations to get anywhere, and Erena's letters turned to other subjects—the child her sister-in-law Nadya was expecting, stories of her childhood in Orel. I sent her presents when I could.

April 20, 1948.—"What a joy to have the shoes you were able to send me. They are so wonderful that I sit and look at them. Ura and Nadya are very happy now they are waiting for their baby. I shall be the baby's godmother and I must get a little frock for it to wear at its christening. I have a little golden cross which I shall give to it."

July 23, 1948.—"Darling, I'm sorry I have not written to you for such a long time. Firstly, I went away for three weeks on holiday. Most of the time I spent in the country with my brother. Secondly, a most terrible thing has happened, upsetting me so much that I had to get over it before I could write to you. I was called to the office where we applied for visas and I was told that my application had been refused, that I shall never receive a visa and nor will any of the wives of foreigners. All the American wives were told the same. Yet when I asked whether I could apply for a visa again in six months time I was told I could.

"Some days later my mother received a post-card from the same office. She called there and an official advised her to persuade me to get a divorce. I went back to the office with my mother and for an hour and a half the official tried to persuade me to divorce you. He said, 'Your husband does not love you. He does not write to you. He does not support you.' The most awful thing he suggested was that you might have another woman already. I told him that in no circumstances would I divorce you, and that is true, darling. I shall never divorce you. I told him it was my own business and nothing would make me change my mind. He said, 'Maybe you are afraid that when you're divorced you will be arrested? But no, you'll be quite safe. I can promise you work and happiness in your own country.'

"So, darling, you can imagine my state of mind, and my mother's. I cannot sleep at night, waiting to be taken away. Please, if something happens to me let people know and fight for me. I shall never divorce you and I think they will have to give us visas soon.

"Darling, have you heard that two wives of Englishmen have been arrested? Two American wives disappeared and two were charged with theft. All these misfortunes upset me terribly, and at home everybody looks at me sadly as if they were going to lose me soon. People at the Embassy say that perhaps the authorities want to frighten us so that we will divorce our husbands. Well, my decision is firm. I shall never divorce you."

July 29, 1948.—"After that conversation with the official at the visa office I have had no peace of mind, and all the time I expect something terrible to happen to me. I have committed no crime in my life, and I have violated no order, yet all the time I think about my arrest. Just the same I shall be in England one day, I am sure. Only you must wait.

"There will be Schura Greenlaugh's trial on Saturday. It is terrible for the poor girl. I am so sorry for her. Oh, what will happen to all of us? Of course it is a great relief to know that the English Government is still fighting for us. That man in the visa office told me that the authorities wanted to make me happy and it was a mistake for me to have married you. I said that thousands of people met by chance as we did and are happy after they marry. I said I wanted to be as happy as other people, but by asking me to divorce you they would make me unhappy and you unhappy, too. He told me that he was sure I would be happy here in my country, and as for you I need not think how you felt. I told him it was a most cruel thing he was saying, it showed he did not care about other people's happiness. I said I would not divorce you. He said that if I changed my mind I need only go to him. But I am not going to change my mind.

"Nadya is in hospital now for her baby. She and Ura came to Moscow yesterday and mother told Ura to take Nadya to the hospital at once."

Girls Taken One By One

August 6, 1948.—"I know, darling, that Britain allows anybody to go to your country and live there. I cannot understand why we have to live apart. Why should the private lives of people be mixed up with politics?

"Do you remember Dolly, or Vera, the blonde girl who worked on the telephone? She married an American just before the decree forbidding marriages to foreigners. Not very long ago she was arrested and I don't know why. So you see they are taking girls one after the other. I don't know what will happen to me.

"My brother's wife, Nadya, is leaving hospital soon and we are eager to see the new baby."

August 24, 1948.—"Do not worry about me. So far they have not troubled me. Of course, nobody knows what will happen, and you must be prepared for anything."

I was prepared for anything. My mind, that is, was prepared for any disastrous news. In my

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THE NAKED ISLAND

GREAT NEW PRISONER-OF-WAR BOOK STARTS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

P.O.W. slave gang working on the dreaded Thailand railway. Sketch by Searle, who was there himself

STARTING next week, JOHN BULL presents exclusively in serial form **RUSSELL BRADDON'S** new and sensational prisoner-of-war book, **THE NAKED ISLAND.**

Braddon, a young Australian writer, was for three years a prisoner of the Japanese. As a private soldier, he suffered and starved in their hell camps in Malaya and slaved on the notorious Thailand railway.

His account of the brutality inflicted on Allied p.o.w.s is one of the most harrowing stories of man's inhumanity to man ever told.

Yet if the book appals, it inspires, too. For here is a "tribute to the Britisher's capacity for living fearlessly and gently"—a deeply moving study of unquenchable heroism amid conditions of degradation almost beyond human endurance.

THE NAKED ISLAND shows prisoner-of-war life both at its worst and magnificent best. In it you meet men like Noel Duckworth, an indomitable down-to-earth padre; Snowy, the racketeer who sold water to dying comrades; Terai, strangely warped Japanese officer who blandly expounded to the starved and emaciated Braddon the virtues of Japanese chivalry and the art of flower arrangement.

JOHN BULL commissioned the famous artist **RONALD SEARLE** to illustrate this outstanding real-life serial. No other artist is better qualified. For Searle was there. He knew hunger in the same prison camp as Braddon; he worked—and almost died—on the slave railway. His paintings will be supplemented by revealing photographs taken by p.o.w.s themselves with cunningly hidden cameras.

To make sure of reading *The Naked Island* from next week's brilliant opening instalment, **fill in the reservation form below.**

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TURN OF THE TIDE

by ***ROWAN AYERS***

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SEABRIGHT

He had insulted her and struck her: any self-respecting woman would have left him. Instead, she came back for more. But this time there would be no coming back

HAMMOND BEGAN TO FEEL SICK as he bent over the small, grimy engine. The monotonous rolling of the yacht, the rhythmical creaking of the mast as it strained against its wedges in the deck, and the heavy, oppressive dampness of the fog, had begun to work into his system, adding to the physical discomfort of his cramped position a new, disturbing anxiety.

When the engine had spluttered and died, as it had done on many occasions before, he had suspected a blockage in the thin, patched-up feed pipe. To clear it was a simple and by now familiar manoeuvre. Unscrew, remove, suck or blow a couple of times, and replace. But this time it had not responded.

He tried the cranking handle again, turning it violently several times until his stomach began to ache with the strain, and his hand felt hot and blistered. And now, as he tried to stand upright in the small, stuffy cabin, he felt sick.

Through the narrow hatchway he could see Ellen, standing unnecessarily at the helm, peering with apparent unconcern into the thick white pall of fog that surrounded them. The yacht had no steerage way as she lolled on the long, oily swell. The swish of the small bow-wave, and the gurgle of the miniature whirlpools astern, had died with the engine, leaving only a thin, frothy trail of bubbles that had silently and swiftly dispersed. The sail, spilling drops of moisture on to the cabin-top as it flapped uneasily from side to side, had turned grey with dampness, and the cabin itself was speckled by heavy beads of sweat and condensation.

Hammond brushed the back of his greasy hand across his forehead and clambered up to the small well. The roll collar of the sweater round his neck felt tight and rough, and he stretched it away from his skin to allow some of the cooler air to circulate.

"It's no good," he said at last, when he had fought back the first wave of nausea. "Why the devil we didn't come yesterday, like I suggested, I don't know."

He looked at his wife, critically, resentfully. The glass had started dropping yesterday and anyone could tell the weather was about to break. But Ellen had merely shrugged when he suggested getting under way. She'd wanted another day's shopping in Boulogne, another day pottering round the dirty little markets. She wasn't interested in the boat, or the weather. She hated the sea, and she wanted him to know it.

"It's all your filthy fault," he added.

The whole holiday had been a failure, a terrible failure. They'd both hoped, without actually expressing it, that it would go the other way, and give their tottering marriage a last chance to stabilize itself. But, for Hammond, it had done the opposite. Being cooped up with Ellen in a small four-tonner had taught him a lot. Taught him that women and boats don't mix, that the sight and sound of her close to him all the time had made him want to shout and scream —even hit her!

He started going ashore alone, to get drunk. He felt he owed himself some sort of escape, but he had always returned more resentful than ever. Ellen had tried not to notice it, and her indifference maddened him.

"I'll tell you why I'm drunk," he shouted once. "I'm drunk because I can't stand being sober any more. Because I can't stand your smug little mouth saying 'Yes, Stephen,' 'No, Stephen,' 'All right, Stephen,' any more. That's why I'm drunk."

"Yes, Stephen," she said; and he hit her across the mouth.

Any self-respecting woman would have left him there and then, but she was too miserably afraid, too feebly reliant on him ever to act that way. He could go on for ever, smacking her across the mouth and cursing, and she'd still come back for more. That was the way she was, and the way she would always be; obstinately weak, and defiantly ineffective.

"Where are we now?" she asked.

He looked at the drifts of fog and calculated the visibility to be no more than twenty yards.

"In the middle," he said. "Right slap bang in the middle of the shipping lanes."

He hoped to frighten her into some sort of reaction, but she gave no indication either of fear or resignation. It was difficult to work out what was going on in her mind. Probably nothing. She was too stupid, too unimaginative to have any idea of their danger.

The strong ebb would be carrying them well up to the north-east now, and even if he got the motor going again, it was unlikely they'd make Dover before nightfall. The last piece of land they'd seen was Cap Gris Nez, being rubbed out by the fog like a drawing from a board, several hours ago.

THE cool, damp air began to give him a little more strength, and he went below again to look at the chart. Somewhere, not so far away, he realized, was the southern tip of the Goodwin Sands, rising, up, as the tide fell away, like some hard-backed, golden monster coming up for fresh air. With the yacht's shallow draft, it wouldn't matter if they touched at low water, provided the turn of the tide didn't bring up a strong wind from the sou'-west. They could sit on the mud quite happily and, comparatively, out of harm's way. In fact, it would be a good deal better than drifting helplessly up the Downs, where a mass of shipping would inevitably have congregated to await the lifting of the fog.

"Stephen!" Ellen was calling. "There's something near us."

Even as he hurried out of the cabin, he heard the low, muffled blare of a ship's siren; and then, as he strained to listen, the slow thump of her engines.

"Get up on the foredeck," he said quickly. "And start making some sort of a noise." He handed her a petrol can and a large spanner. "Here, take this, and for God's sake hit it."

He watched her crawl forward on the heaving, slippery deck, ducking to avoid the boom as it slopped across from side to side; and as he watched he began to wonder if she might fall overboard. He could almost see her face staring up at him from the water; perhaps a hand groping up to hold the side of the boat; and he knew, inside him, that he'd leave her where she was. It would be so easy, so neat, so fitting. They had nothing left now; not even the passive friendship that had held them together during the past two restless, unsatisfactory years. They hated each other, and there was no solution ahead except separation and divorce. A quick slip into the water, a moment's fruitless struggle, and it could be all over. No fuss, no legal quibbles, no lengthy arguments about alimony and who was the guilty party. Just a perfect finality. After all, he reflected, she had little enough to live for.

SHE was tapping the can, rather as she would tap a boiled egg. "Hit it!" he shouted. "Don't just play with it."

The foghorn blared at them from somewhere much closer, and the dull pulse of the engine had become sharper and more clearly defined.

"It's getting nearer," she called back.

"I'm not deaf," he said. "You'd better try shouting."

In the soft, blanketing gloom, her voice sounded weak, almost gagged. No one aboard the oncoming ship would be able to hear it above the steady thumping of engines and the curling hiss of water at the bow.

"Ahoy!" shouted Hammond, cupping his hands. "Ahoy!"

Just as he began his second call, he caught sight of her. A large merchantman in ballast, ghosting past no more than twenty or thirty yards to port, her slowly turning, half-exposed screw thrashing the water under her stern into a thick, perpetual fountain.

Ellen began to move aft.

"Look out for the wash," said Hammond as he saw the first small wave creeping out towards them. There wouldn't be much of a disturbance, but as he held out his hand to help her into the well, he realized it might be enough. As the bow rose up a little, topping the first wave, he withdrew his arm quickly and tugged at the tiller rope to swing the boat over.

Ellen seemed to sense her danger and looked up at him in genuine alarm. The boat, caught in the wash from the big freighter, rocked wildly. Ellen, tottering, went back on her heels and stretched out her arms to grab at some sort of support. Even as her back arched beyond the point of balance, the boom flicked across, but—by what seemed to Hammond some maddening mischance—missed the top of her head as she slipped on the deck. And instead of sweeping her into the sea, the next lurch of the

As the freighter's wash hit them, Hammond grabbed at the tiller rope. The boom swung over. Ellen, tottering, saw it sweeping down upon her

boat toppled her forward into the well. She fell on one knee at Hammond's feet, her eyes wide open in terror.

Silly little idiot, thought Hammond as the reaction set in, and he began to feel his legs sag beneath him. She won't even die properly.

She got up painfully, and stared into the fog. He hoped she would say something; at least acknowledge that she recognized his intention; but she remained silent; just as she had done before whenever he'd assaulted her. He lit a cigarette and felt his mouth quivering violently. Why couldn't she say something, anything?

At last he could stand the tension no longer. "Here," he said gruffly. "Take the helm. I'm going to try the engine again."

The yacht drifted on. The tiller was slack in Ellen's hand, and with each roll of the hull the rudder flapped from side to side, grinding the iron of its pins against their mountings. She stood there, numb and immobile. Only the creaks and groans of the straining mast and hull penetrated her thoughts. The rest—the next few minutes, the next few hours, the life ahead—was like the fog enveloping them, impenetrable and shapeless.

The engine remained cold and dead. Hammond had taken the skin off three of his knuckles, and knocked his head sharply against the low cabin roof before he abandoned the hope of reviving it in time to set a course for Dover. Now, in a mood of sullen defeat, he calculated that the tide had taken them to within a mile of the Goodwins and that with over two hours of ebb still to run, they must inevitably be carried on to them within the next hour or so. He'd been on them before, once before the war in a motor yacht, accidentally, and once since, when a party had gone out from Deal to play cricket on the sands at low water. With the weather likely to remain as it was, they had no terror for him now. In fact, it would be a relief from the monotonous, sickening movement of the yacht as she wallowed helplessly on the long, undulating swell.

Almost exactly to the hour from his calculation, the keel touched, lifted for a moment, then touched again, so lightly that Hammond believed at first they had bumped against a small piece of driftwood. It was only when he peered over the side and saw, close beneath the surface, the fine brown ribbings on the sand that he realized they were aground.

ELLEN accepted the position without comment. It scarcely seemed to matter now whether they were to go on for ever, locked up close to each other in this tiny wooden prison, or whether by some freak of fortune they could return to harbour, and break away...completely.

"We'll be stuck here for a couple of hours," said Hammond, noticing that already the water had begun to fall away under the hull. "So you can do what you like," he added.

He pondered for a moment, then slowly took off his shoes and socks, and went forward to unship the anchor. Then, lowering himself carefully over the side, he began to walk, carrying the anchor in his arms, towards the dry bank of sand that they could see now, breaking through the fog some thirty yards ahead. Once when the cable refused to run free through the hawsepipe, he stopped and turned back.

"Pay out some more!" he shouted, and Ellen automatically went forward to obey.

She watched him dig the anchor into the sand, and after jamming it in farther with his foot, he stood up to stretch his arms. His blurred outlines seemed suddenly larger, and more monstrous, as if he had turned to jelly and was standing there crucified against a background of thick, oozy slime.

"I'm going for a short walk," he shouted back to her. "If you hear me calling, start hitting the petrol can. I'm not going far."

It was typical of him to trade on her fears; to create a situation which he knew would distress her, and then make her realize, in some indirect way, his utter indifference. It was the terrible domination he had held over her ever since they were married. It was something he believed that she alone could never break through.

The firm sand under his feet was soothing and reassuring. It made him feel that the dangers and dissatisfactions of the voyage were largely over. Even in the thick, obliterating fog, there was a greater sense of freedom, a sense of mobility and space, than he had ever felt on board, with Ellen there to choke and stifle him. This was a new world. A world of isolation and

Continued on page 27

After watching an amateur game, Ned Liddle talks with the players—members of Bentall's sports club at East Molesey

"Spurs" right-back Alf Ramsey, having a leg injury treated, is visited by Liddle, who once signed him for Portsmouth

Soccer stargazer

by STANLEY RUSSELL

Ned Liddle has watched about 10,000 football matches, seeking the stars of the future. King of the body-snatchers, they call him

WHEN FOOTBALL CLUB OFFICIALS see Ned Liddle enter their boardroom before a match they are apt to groan inwardly and wonder uneasily which of their players he is after. Ned, tall and lean, with an unforgettable high-pitched voice that has a peculiar tendency to fade suddenly to a whisper, is a talent spotter. Chief scout of Brentford F.C., he is regarded in some quarters as king of the body-snatchers.

Officials often make the mistake of thinking that his visit is a preliminary to seizing their most accomplished player. Recently the secretary of an amateur club openly accused him of "trying to pinch our best man."

"Who would that be?" asked Ned tolerantly, and when told the name replied: "Oh, you needn't worry. I wrote him off years ago when I saw him playing in Sunday football."

Liddle is not particularly interested in "best" men. The term implies some form of recognition already, and his job is to spot talent before it rises to the top—if possible, before anyone else realizes what he is doing. It is a task that calls for technical skill and considerable diplomacy. The Football Association takes a serious view of players being approached without the permission of their club, and charges of "pinching" carry heavy penalties if proved.

Talent spotting is, nevertheless, an exciting game of cops and robbers, with the vital difference that the clues are followed up *before* the snatch. The sleuthing is a fair imitation of Scotland Yard in its routine, patience and methods of organization. Every major club retains a number of scouts—old players or friends of the staff—who regard no match as too insignificant to visit. Most of these scouts receive a few shillings a week to cover their expenses; some do it for love of the game.

Their reports are filed, and when a player earns unusual praise a staff scout makes a further inspection. Then, if his opinion is favourable, comes the swoop. The chief scout and probably the manager go to watch and, if satisfied, to offer terms.

Tapping The Grapevine

Apart from this routine work there is a kind of grapevine which conveys gossip about well-known professionals who seek a change, and which also passes on facts about players' private lives that often are not known to their own clubs. The grapevine is tapped whenever a big-price transfer is in the offing, for no team wants a man who, whatever his ability on the field, is a bad influence in the dressing-room. It is at this stage that many transfer deals fall through.

Nobody knows how gossip leaks out, but nobody tries to plug the leaks, for information may be useful at any time. Not long ago, Brentford was interested in a high-priced player. Its interest was supposed to be a secret, but Liddle met one of his old contacts who, without any explanation, warned him to drop negotiations. Brentford took the hint. Another club jumped in and bought the player—and quickly regretted it.

When Liddle receives a hot tip about a promising player he gets on the scent immediately, for competition is so keen that half an hour's delay may mean that a rival nips in first. Ned made one of his first signings in a miner's cottage while the player, just up from the pit, was bathing in front of the fire.

Many footballers have been called from a cinema to discuss terms with agitated scouts anxious to beat the pack of competitors close behind. One player was given such a vivid impression of the urgency of the situation that he signed by the light of a car sidelamp. In another case an enterprising manager went down a mine and held the form against a tub near the coalface while his quarry signed.

Exciting moments like these are comparatively rare; normally there is the dull-sounding routine of watching football day after day. One afternoon it may be on a park pitch with piles of coats marking the goalposts, or on a tiny oasis in a desert of pit shafts, factory chimneys or railway sidings. The next, it may be Highbury, Hampden Park or somewhere in Ireland.

The teams watched by scouts range from schoolboy and junior teams through the amateur and minor and professional grades up to First Division sides. The scout rarely knows which team he will see next, except that it is unlikely to be his own. If Liddle watches Brentford more than once a season he feels that he is intruding.

Liddle has no personal preference for any particular grade. "I have a pass that takes me into any Football League ground," he says. "When I use it I go into the boardroom, for I know someone is bound to recognize me. But I'm just as happy hiding among the crowd at some obscure ground. There, if I don't see what I want, I can leave quietly without anyone being the wiser."

Normally, a few minutes is enough to tell him all he wants to know, especially in the

Continued on page 33

Oil Sultan's poor little rich land

by HARRY HOPKINS

Brunei was just a primitive little land. Then the oil pioneers arrived—and almost overnight it became the biggest producer of oil in the Commonwealth, and a state with more money than it needs.... Harry Hopkins's final report from British Borneo

Drilling on the Seria oilfield, which already boasts 288 wells. *Pictures by Harry Hopkins*

IT HAD BEEN DARK for a couple of hours on the landing craft *Durgan* as she ploughed steadily along on her regular course off the Borneo coast with a bellyful of canned goods, beer, iron piping and a brand-new bus. Louis Geduld, oil company accountant returning from mid-contract leave in Hongkong, came up to me on deck. "You can see the gay lights of Seria now if you want to," he said.

It was an astonishing sight. Across the dark intervening space of sea four bright yellow pillars of flame leaped high into the night sky, turning the clouds above them pink. And here and there between the pillars of fire and the darkness of the night, the eye caught a wan silvery gleam—massed oil storage tanks which caught and mirrored the flames in their aluminium-painted curves. A young Dutchman, a big, friendly, blond chap, stood at the rail. This was his first contract after graduating from Delft —"where all the best oilmen come from"—and he was as excited and eager as a boy.

Town Carved Out Of Jungle

It was raining when our L.C.T. turned into the Belait River and tied up at the quay alongside the rest of the oil company's landing-craft fleet. We were now in the Sultanate of Brunei, the small British Protected State that lies sandwiched between our two youngest colonies, Sarawak and North Borneo. We disembarked thankfully, passed the Brunei Customs, and got into an oil company car for the last twenty miles of the journey to Seria. By midnight the young Dutchman and I were sitting in a palmleaf-walled bungalow in the oil company's rest house, drinking a large pot of coffee.

"You can smell Money as soon as you land," I had been told. And when morning came I saw what they had meant. Here were the longest and best roads in Borneo, covered by a service of comfortable buses that started at six thirty and went on till midnight. Here was a daily growing township of neat white "situfoam" houses. Here were automatic telephones, clinics and clubs and company shops that were miniature Harrods.

It was like living on a Hollywood set that was complete—no expense spared—in every detail, but which just had no back to it. Except that this was not a film set. This was eight miles long by one and a half miles deep of twentieth-century civilization carved out of the primeval jungle. This was a fact. And it was a fact which no one in Seria ever doubted for a second. "One hundred and five thousand barrels a day!" They rolled off the figure with proprietary pride.

"You know, this is the biggest oil producer in

A fifth of Brunei's people live in houses built on stilts in the river. They have refused their Sultan's offer to buy them new homes on dry land

Bringing up the oil is only a part of the oil company's job. In the jungle, it had to build homes, shops, schools. These schoolchildren are some of the 500 belonging to the company's Asian workers

the British Commonwealth now. And so far we've only scratched the surface in Borneo. . . ." Boom is in the Seria air.

To this narrow strip of sandy shore in the middle of nowhere, the smell of oil has brought Indians and Chinese and Javanese and Malays, Australians, Englishmen, Scotsmen, Dutchmen and Americans, some of them men who speak with the international accent of oil, who have pursued this same smell through Ecuador and Venezuela, California and Trinidad. Statistically, there were 841 Europeans, including 205 wives and 234 children, and nearly 5,000 Asians with 570 children. In one way or another, more than half the subjects of His Highness Omar Ali Saifuddin, Sultan of the State and Protectorate of Brunei, were getting their living from oil.

Oil is a great revolutionary. The second night in Seria I went to the oil company's open-air cinema. Outside, the big, shiny cars manoeuvred into their parking places. Inside, just beyond the rail that marked the end of the "stalls," I saw, squatting expectant on the grass, rows of wild-looking fellows, with raven locks done up in a bun, with arms and chests covered by an intricate mass of tattoos. These were the Dayaks, the "Wild Men"—Borneo's leading race.

Brought down from their remote Sarawak long-houses by landing-craft on six-month contracts, they worked as labourers on housing sites, as odd-job men for the camp boss, as geologists' Man Fridays, and in 250-strong parties, out with the seismic men, hacking through the jungle the long, straight, radiating lanes their apparatus needed. Paradoxically, these jungle men, in addition to their basic two dollars a day and twenty per cent cost-of-living allowance, get "jungle allowance," and some of them have saved 1,000 Malay dollars (£120) by the time they return, like kings, to their long-houses.

From Wild Man To Suburbanite

Most of the oilmen were rather fond of the Dayaks. But were they being pushed on too fast, as some who knew them best claimed?

Consider the case of Mapang anak (son of) Langau, whose father is the headman of a long-house near Sibu. An amiable little fellow with a grin that flashes with gold teeth, Mapang sits today at a desk in the Labour Office. His hair is cut short and parted Western style, but there's just nothing he can do to disguise the intricate bird tattoo that, like most Dayak males, he sports on the front of his neck.

In 1945—when Mapang was twenty-five and still very much the "wild man from Borneo"—he was working in a timber concession somewhere back of Sandakan when one day the camp was secretly visited by a British officer who had parachuted into Borneo. The officer explained that he was gathering a party of men who would make themselves useful when the Allies launched their assault. Mapang joined up with the officer, slowly worked his way round the coast till he came to the oilfield of Seria. Here, deciding the prospects were good, he joined the oil company police as a watchman.

Now, five years later, having risen to the rank of foreman, Mapang lives with his wife, mother and two children, not in a long-house, but in a neat white semi-detached bungalow. The Dayaks like to say that since they take only one wife, drink, smoke and also eat pork, they are just like Englishmen. In his neat home with its modern kitchen and bathroom and wash-house, Mapang could feel that truer than ever.

Fighting Cock Fan

But in taking up this new life as an oilman, Mapang had by no means forsworn all the old joys of the long-house. His eyes sparkled and his gold teeth flashed as he took me to the back of the house, opened a shed, and pointed to "Blanse," ace of fighting cocks. He showed me the thirty-one scales running from the spur to the end of the claw, the marks of a true fighting cock. The first morning after pay day was the cock-fighting time and, on its first try-out, Blanse had won him 119 dollars.

Though now and then he feels again the call of the old family long-house, Mapang resolves to go on being an oilman. And anyway, he says, he had to do his best for his children. Now they would be able to go to the good company school, a miniature United Nations where the head-master told me that the "brightest kid in the school" was a Dayak. And after that there was the company's trade school, where, after becoming skilled fitters, welders, electricians, they could step out into a great new world.

This is a far cry indeed from the old coolie-driving, coolie-shipping ways of imperialism's heyday. Acutely aware of its great responsibility in unleashing the great revolutionary, Oil, in this primitive land, the oil company looks ahead, far beyond mere pay and allowances, to the creation of a good and stable new way of life. The raising of the standard of living, acclaim politicians and pundits, is the first need of Asia. But here was one of the few places in South-east Asia where you could watch that happening, visibly, before your eyes, week by week.

In place of the old "labour supervisor," hiring, firing, now stands a growing "industrial relations" department, charged not only with the orderly recruiting of workers, but with smoothing, in a hundred ways, the human transition from jungle to "suburb." "I.R." activities range from providing poultry sheds for workers' houses to running shops, sports, community centres, cinemas, and teaching newly arrived Dayaks that they cannot with impunity just step off fast-moving vehicles or drop matches down oilwells.

Running an oilfield is like running a modern war; you need an unimaginable range of skills. You trained them, you bid for them, you combed a dozen countries to find them: but you had to have them. To put down a few holes and get oil from the sand you had to reproduce the most advanced industrial civilization in microcosm on this remote and empty shore.

Just looking around this one rest house dinner-table, you could feel the drama of it. Over on my right sat an engineer from Manchester, there to install the boilers in Seria's new power station; next to him two young cockney electricians; across from them, a young seismic operator from Amsterdam, just back from several months' cruising with his instruments off the coast; and after him, steady grey eyes over an impressive russet beard, Karl Rijsterborgh, geologist.

In another day or two Rijsterborgh would be making his solitary way back up the rivers, first by company outboard, then by native craft, then on foot, to the clearing in the jungle where he'd left his two tents pitched and his Dayaks were waiting. "Rijsterborgh," people confided, "is a *real* geologist . . . goes off into the jungle for months, till the people in the office have to send for him to come out and rest. And all he takes is a bag of rice. . . ." If Conrad were brewing up his South Sea romances today, he would, I fancy, find material after his heart in an oil company geologist.

Watching The Oil Drillers

But—as in war again—though there are fifty men "behind the lines" for every one up front, it is the drillers and the "tool-pushers" and the field exploitation engineers who bring the whole vast complex into focus. The time had come to take a look at "the field."

It was nearing the end of the "daylight tower"—which is oilese for "tour"—on 289, one of the two or three new wells that were brought into production each month. The platform of the rig began to rattle and shake again as the safety-helmeted driller pulled the handle of the winch and, manhandled by his team of Indians, yet another thirty-foot "stand" of pipe began to spin rapidly, screwing into the pipe below, and was lowered away into the hole.

The process was endless. Every twenty-four hours the drilling bit would wear out and this forest of steel piping would have to be brought up, stand by stand, uncoupled, stacked, hoisted off the stack, coupled, lowered, stand by stand again—two hours in and two hours out, always provided there were no "fishing troubles." "Fishing troubles" were what happened when the pipe got stuck. And at several thousand feet, fishing trouble could go on for weeks.

Grew Up In The Game

"Digs hard," said Barney Davis, the tool-pusher—foreman driller in charge of two or three rigs—coming over for a word. He was a lean, cigar-smoking Australian who had been drilling holes into various parts of the earth's surface ever since he started working on a rig in California as a boy of fourteen. At Seria alone, Barney's score was 300,000 feet.

No. 289 was in a proved field: the exploitation men knew more or less just when and where the oil would flow. But some miles to the east what they called a "semi-exploration well" was already several thousand feet down. Did the field extend that far? And if it did, at just what depth did the oil lie? Weeks of argument

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Rhythm showman of radio

by POWELL SMILY

Producer of *B.B.C. Ballroom* and *Jazz Club*, John Hooper has helped many musicians to fame on the air—and made himself into a big noise

John Hooper (left) plans a broadcast with bandleader Ted Heath and singer Lita Roza

Standing beside Heath as he conducts, Hooper listens critically during a rehearsal

IRVING BERLIN composes his popular ballads with the aid of a specially tuned piano. John Lindesay Hooper, the man behind most of the B.B.C. dance band programmes, goes one better—he does not need an instrument at all.

One afternoon, Hooper was sitting at his desk in the Aeolian Hall, when a music publisher phoned. "We need a new samba number before noon tomorrow," said the publisher. "Have you got one on hand?"

"Certainly," replied Hooper. "I'll put it in the post to you before I leave tonight." Replacing the receiver, he took a couple of sheets of blank music paper from a drawer of his desk, and proceeded to write "Sunshine Samba," a piece which has become very popular with orchestras featuring South American rhythms.

"I'd been thinking along the lines of a samba for some days," Hooper explains. "So it was all ready in my head. It just needed writing down."

When Hooper left the R.A.F. in 1946, with the rank of squadron leader, he possessed most of the qualifications for a B.B.C. producer. He had been to a public school, had graduated at Oxford, he knew how to make expansive and non-committal gestures with a long cigarette holder, and he looked like Raymond Massey, the actor. He joined the Corporation as a variety producer, and was responsible for introducing to radio audiences such stars as Arthur English and John Blythe.

Would Not Keep Still

He saw English's act one night at the Windmill Theatre. Hooper realized the comic's possibilities and arranged an audition. The audition was not altogether successful, because English, used to roaming the stage of the Windmill, could not stand still in front of a microphone. Hooper finally got him to remain stationary long enough to speak a few words into the microphone. But Arthur was not so funny under those conditions. He was concentrating too hard on acquiring a radio technique, and his humorous delivery was suffering. Then Hooper had a minor brainwave. He provided Arthur with three microphones, one in the centre of the studio stage and one at each side. After that, everything went smoothly.

"We feel that radio really put Arthur into the big time," Hooper says. "Two years ago, he was almost unknown. Last year, he was selected, with the other top British stars, to perform in the Command Variety Show."

John Hooper was going about his work as a variety producer when he happened to run into Ambrose, the orchestra leader. "I haven't seen you since that Commemoration Ball at Oxford in —let me see—1936," said Ambrose. "What are you doing now?"

Hooper told him, and next day Ambrose spoke to the head of B.B.C. dance band broadcasts. "Do you know that you have a professional musician in the Variety Department? I've known John Hooper for nearly fifteen years. He can play three or four instruments himself and, what's more important, he knows musicians."

Seven Shows A Week

From that time onwards, Hooper was given more and more dance band shows to produce, until now he is responsible for an average of seven broadcasts a week. (Most B.B.C. producers do not get that many programmes on the air in a month.) He has invented such popular features as *B.B.C. Ballroom* and *Golden Slipper Club*, and during the last twelve months, through *Jazz Club*, has introduced fifteen new bands to listeners.

John Hooper got into radio rather by accident. One evening, while he was in the R.A.F., he was playing the piano for his own amusement in a club in Colombo, Ceylon, when McDonald Hobley, the television announcer, heard him. He persuaded Hooper to join the staff of Radio SEAC—the Forces station in South-East Asia

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"For God's sake, Mr. McCory," the girl cried, "please help us!" And looking at her, McCory realized that this must be Penny Hegarty, grown up

The burning of Glenadoon

He had sworn that nothing would make him set foot in the house again; the past was too bitter to forget. But could a man disregard a cry for help? by DENNIS HOLMAN

AS ROBERT McCORY FELT HE WAS getting a bit too old to make the nine-mile jaunt to the fair at Drumkeady, and as his grandson, Gordon, had been forbidden by his mother to go, as a punishment, they spent the better half of the morning ploughing one of the end fields.

They made an odd group—Robert, a tight-lipped, rather crusty old man, with a wizened face and wispy white hair, pushing and directing; the broad, grey farmhorse plodding away patiently, pausing when the plough bit too deep and heaving on again; and Gordon helping alongside. Gordon was just nine. He had a wide-open face, blue eyes, dimpled cheeks and jet-black hair. Erratic and still undisciplined, he barraged his grandfather with questions in a high-pitched voice, and when these were ignored, turned his attentions to the horse, shouting dramatic and warlike orders.

Robert possessed six fields, fifty-two acres in all, strung out awkwardly between the edge of the moor and his neighbour's perimeter wall. On one side the moor rose bleakly upwards to a jagged skyline, tufted with gorse and heather forever shaking tightly in the wind.

Across the other border of Robert's fields, a furlong away, lay Glenadoon, a cream-coloured, Georgian country house, set in flat grassland dotted here and there with independent, prospering beech trees; farther off stood the ruin of a roofless, steepled church, its walls in the grip of tough, firm-rooted ivy.

In Robert's youth, the church had been St. Anne's, a consecrated unit of the Protestant Church of Ireland, and Glenadoon the rectory. Now Glenadoon, the picturesque ruin with the surrounding 300 acres, was the property of a Major Hegarty, Robert's hated enemy.

The ploughing continued. Robert was a little shaky now but he worked with a power of concentration as if he were writing on the face of the earth and the parallel lines he left behind him were his last will and testament. Yet those who knew Robert would have noted one characteristic: whatever he did in his fields, whichever way he was facing, his gaze conscientiously avoided the direction of his neighbour's house. In Robert's presence one did not mention the word Glenadoon, or look towards it.

On they went, cleaving through the dark waves of soil behind the horse's thudding hoofs, until the plough suddenly clonked against something hard, shaking Robert off his balance. He whoaed the operation to an immediate stop.

"The devil take that stone!" he spluttered. "There it is—get it out, boy!"

Gordon was pulling away at the smooth, mud-caked boulder.

"Give it to me, boy. Give it to me." And

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ILLUSTRATED BY KOOLMAN

Michael Redgrave really lives his part

by ELKAN ALLAN

"I'm an emotional actor," he says. "I can laugh or cry when I'm told to." Sometimes he is too enthusiastic—and gets himself hurt

FILM DIRECTOR ANTHONY ASQUITH and producer Teddy Baird arrived by plane at Stratford-on-Avon just in time for the dress rehearsal of *Henry IV*. They had been busy film-making and no programmes had been printed yet. As the curtain came down on the first act, they turned to Rachel Kempson, actress wife of Michael Redgrave, and Asquith asked the question in both their minds: "Who is that fiery young man with the Northumbrian accent playing Hotspur?"

Mrs. Redgrave looked surprised. "You're joking," she said. "Then," says Asquith, "I felt the most awful fool. I suddenly realized that the fiery young man was none other than my old friend Michael Redgrave himself. We had spent the last four months together making *The Browning Version* and, although I know it sounds incredible, we had not recognized him."

When he heard about it, Redgrave was more pleased by this than all the praise he later received from the critics for his acting and producing at Stratford's Festival season. For it meant that he had succeeded in effacing his own personality completely and had breathed real life into his conception of the character.

As with all his rôles, he had started studying it months before the first rehearsal. He went north with a tape recording machine to assimilate the feeling and accent of Harry Hotspur. With the help of amateur actors and villagers, the whole part was recorded for him in the authentic voice. When he returned to London he played it over and over—"particularly while I was shaving"—and learned lines and accent together.

After the play had been running for a few weeks, two Northumbrians came to Stratford and saw the play. Meeting them afterwards, Anthony Quayle, the producer, asked them, "And what was Redgrave's accent like?" One answered: "Just right." But the other shook his head. "No, it wasn't quite Warenford, it was more Wooler." The villages are exactly twelve miles away from each other.

Highbrow Reputation

Attention to detail is characteristic of the man who is generally agreed to be Britain's most thoughtful actor. Although he asks interviewing journalists not to say he is like a schoolmaster, because he started life as one and the likeness has been drawn so often, the fact is that he has exactly the authority, intelligence and something of the condescension of the teacher who is liked by his pupils. He is charming without being cloying and, while no man is a hero to his valet, his private secretary, Joan Sparkes, says sincerely, "He's the sort of man you'd work for if you didn't have to work for a living." He flatters people who meet him for the first time by discussing his work seriously with them. Some are taken aback and call him conceited, but his gaze into the middle distance and beautiful enunciation are not conscious affectations.

His reputation as a highbrow has come partly from his writings on the theory of acting. He is a student of the system of Stanislavsky, Russian actor-producer, who said that an actor must live his part. "But just because I've a good theatrical library and have written a few articles about Stanislavsky, the idea has got around that I'm an intellectual actor who *thinks* his way into a part. That isn't true. If anything, I'm an emotional actor: I can laugh when I'm told to and cry when I'm told to. I *feel* my way, with my heart, not my mind."

Scar From Death Fall

Sometimes he is too enthusiastic. His left knee has a slight permanent injury from his persistent falling on to it during the death scene in *Hamlet*; his right knee suffers from his death in *Macbeth*; his right little finger is twisted from warding off the assassin's dagger in *Richard II*; and he carries a scar over his right eye from a spectacular death fall he attempted in a play called *The White Guard*. "I'm afraid this was rather the fault of my vanity. The producer said at the first dress rehearsal that my fall was the best he had ever seen. Praise is always fatal, and I flung myself so hard to the floor in the second dress rehearsal that I had to have six stitches in my head."

In addition to this catalogue of defects, he has never been able to straighten his right arm completely since a gun he was loading in the aircraft-carrier *Illustrious* during the war kicked back. His arm was shattered and he was invalided out because of it. "For a time I thought the only part I would ever be able to play again was the crippled *Richard III*, but now the only person besides myself who is really conscious of it is my tailor, who can never figure out why my right sleeve never fits properly."

Tall, well-built, with a shock of dark golden hair, very blue eyes and a handsome enough face, he was an obvious choice for a romantic young film-star, and as soon as he appeared on the London stage, film companies were begging him to make tests. But he steadfastly refused, preferring to continue with the stage. Besides, he believed that he would not photograph well.

At last, in 1938, he consented to make a test. Despite his fears, the camera smoothed his somewhat chunky features, and the film company happily produced a dotted line for him to sign on. He was such a success as the affable young man in *The Lady Vanishes* that they put him into a series of similar tame and pleasant parts. Now he prefers them to be forgotten. When his company was planning *The Man in Grey*, he was asked to play opposite Margaret Lockwood. "I

For his rôle in *The Way to the Stars*, Redgrave spent months studying R.A.F. types

Himself a former schoolmaster, Redgrave was a classics master in *The Browning Version*

Redgrave in real life—answering fan letters at his home on the Chiswick bank of the Thames

Redgrave with Joan Greenwood in his latest film, *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Formerly a casual dresser, he was influenced by this film; now he possesses a "back-to-grandfather" suit

bluffed my way out of that. Fortunately I was able to convince them that an unknown young actor called Stewart Granger was far better suited for the part. I say fortunately, because it was such a success that I really would have been stuck with light romance on the screen for ever."

When he negotiated his first film contract he insisted on having six months of every year free for acting on the stage. "The company agreed, thinking that the vastly greater money I would get by staying to act in films all the time would make me change my mind. I started at £150 a week, which was fantastic, considering that the most I had ever earned on the stage was £30, and the contract provided for a salary of £1,000 a week at the end of five years."

Could Not Agree On Film

Refusing to play any more "pretty-boy" parts, he scored in *Kipps*, *The Way to the Stars* and *Fame is the Spur*, but he has always kept his rule of spending at least half the year in the theatre, and for this reason is still better known as a stage actor. "The theatre is where one makes and keeps a reputation. Films have too many so-called stars." He maintained this even when it meant giving up £25,000, as it did for the last picture in his contract with the Rank Organization. "We just couldn't agree on a subject, so I went and acted *Macbeth* instead."

This was received without enthusiasm by theatre-goers. On Broadway, it closed after twenty-nine performances. In London, where it ran for four months, *The Times* critic called it "flat and unmoving."

Redgrave is not afraid of dramatic critics, however, and is famous as the only star to talk back publicly. After the critics unanimously attacked one play he was in, Redgrave sat down and wrote a scathing article attacking them. To make sure they read it, he had 100 extra copies printed and sent to every critic in the country. He now says, "I may have been a bit hot-headed and foolish, but I didn't make many permanent enemies."

His devotion to the theatre is reflected in his choice of screen rôles. All his major screen successes have been little more than photographed stage plays. He played the lighthouse-keeper in *Thunder Rock* on the stage himself before it was made into a film. He won an Academy Award nomination for his 1947 performance in the film of Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*—an unusual and brooding film that has never been shown publicly in Britain. Redgrave considers his best part was in *The Browning Version*, which won him the Cannes Film Festival prize.

It was not surprising that the baby born on March 20, 1908, in theatrical digs over a Bristol newsagent's shop, should want to be an actor. His father, Roy Redgrave, was a leading man at Sadler's Wells, and his mother, Margaret Scudamore, is still seen in West End plays. Young Michael was carried on to the stage at the age of two. But his mother warned him against the theatre. "Don't go on the stage unless you have something to give it," she cautioned.

When he left Cambridge with a B.A. Honours degree in 1930 he thought that in any case his height (six feet three inches) would keep him off the stage. So he became a schoolmaster. "I was a bad teacher, in the conventional sense. But I was good at organizing school plays." Eventually he decided to become a producer.

First Job At £4 A Week

Eager to learn about the professional theatre, he applied for a job as a small-part actor with the Old Vic, but when he gave an audition to Lilian Bayliss, she called out, "Can't you do something else? I can't see anything but hands, and we can't pay you for that." She offered him £3 a week, however, but the Liverpool Repertory company outbid her by a pound.

In Liverpool he became leading man. Opposite him in one production was a tall, fair-haired young actress named Rachel Kempson. Within two weeks they were engaged; two months later they were married in the chapel of Dartmouth Naval College, where her father was headmaster. He went from Liverpool to the Old Vic, and then to films and the West End. Schoolmastering was forgotten except when ex-pupils, "now apparently middle-aged men," touched their hats to him and said, "Hallo, sir!"

What sets him apart from most actors is his interest in the world and its problems. For almost everyone in the theatre, the outside world is only a backcloth to play against. For Redgrave, the theatre is just a cog in the great machine. "Actors are merely casual labourers," he told a shocked meeting of Equity, the actors' trade union. A member of the Labour Party, he is also a patron of the Left-Wing Unity Theatre.

The Redgraves live in a fine eleven-room house on the banks of the Thames at Chiswick. It is a full house, with their three children—two girls, Vanessa, aged fourteen, and Lynn, eight, and a boy, Corin, twelve—three servants, and during the day, one or more of his three secretaries. One secretary looks after his letters, one his business affairs, and the third his fan mail.

Until recently, Redgrave dressed in tweeds or loose-fitting lounge suits, but under the influence of his latest film, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, in which he plays a Victorian dandy, he now has one dark grey lounge suit in the fashionable "back-to-grandfather" style—tight jacket with turned-up cuffs, stove-pipe trousers, light grey waistcoat, with curly-brimmed homburg and velvet-collared overcoat to match.

Ivor Novello's Offer

When he can spare the time from walking in a nearby park speaking the lines he is learning, he paints (one of his pictures has become a Christmas card), writes (he is working on his autobiography, and a play for himself based on a Henry James story), reads ("he buys every new book and is livid if someone else reads his copy first," says his wife), or plays and sings at the grand piano in the living-room.

He is proud of his light but pleasant baritone, and was flattered when Ivor Novello asked him to take over in *King's Rhapsody*. "Unfortunately I was too tied up, but one day I hope to appear in musical comedy." He has already successfully sung in *The Beggar's Opera*.

His other ambition is to have a permanent repertory company of his own, but he first has to find someone to look after the details. For the moment he is happy to carry on alternating between films and stage. Although many stage actors complain about the lack of a responsive audience in a film studio, he says: "I don't miss it. I am too occupied with the part I am playing."

THE END

TIGER IN THE SMOKE

by ***MARGERY ALLINGHAM***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Geoffrey saw the albino's purpose clearly. Havoc was being persuaded to kill him

ALL LONDON HAD BEEN WARNED to watch out for Jack Havoc, a dangerous killer at large in the fogbound city. Already, within a few hours of his escape from prison, he had murdered four people.

Albert Campion, the mild-mannered criminologist, and his friend Chief Inspector Charlie Luke, were chiefly interested in one aspect of the case. Havoc's confederate, Duds Morrison, had been trying to prevent the marriage of Campion's cousin, beautiful young Meg Elginbrodde. He had been caught, interrogated, and then, for lack of evidence, released. An hour later, he was found murdered.

Meg's fiancé, Geoffrey Levett, had questioned Duds himself after the police had released him. But Duds, hearing the noise of a street band from the pub where Geoffrey had taken him, had unaccountably run off. Geoffrey was in time to see him set upon by the street band. Then, knocked unconscious himself, he was taken by the gang to their communal cellar. There, he learnt the background to his strange adventure. . . .

It began during the war. Havoc and some of the gang had formed part of a company which made a raid on a house on the French coast. The man who led the raid was Martin Elginbrodde, Meg's husband, who was later killed in action. Elginbrodde said there was treasure in the house, and Havoc and the others had planned to return after the war and find it.

But Tiddy Doll, the huge albino who led the gang, had suspected Havoc and Duds of stealing a march on them—not knowing they had both been in jail. And when Duds was found, Tiddy had been too heavy with his boots. . . . Now Duds was dead, and there was Levett, their prisoner, who had witnessed the murder, to be reckoned with. And, for that matter, the legendary, lethal Havoc himself. . . .

Geoffrey watched the albino thinking over this in the cellar. And then there was a diversion. A man came through the grating in the cellar roof—a man whose arrival seemed to electrify the whole company.

He stood there, smiling and surveying them with cool assurance. "Dad's back," he said.

PART 5

Havoc Takes Over

THE silence in the cellar was absolute. Helpless in his far corner, Geoffrey was aware of the tension but by no means clear on the true cause of it. He lifted his head painfully in an

"I figure he's a gonner any time now." Tiddy's urgent whisper was meant for Havoc alone

effort to see between the men surrounding the newcomer, but he was careful to make no sound.

Inside the circle, the stranger was dusting himself down. It was a performance in which he was very much aware of his audience, and yet it was singularly without flourish. All his movements were smooth and economic, but graceful and exciting to see.

He took his time and let them look at him, well aware that he was worth seeing. He was just under six feet, with long bones and sloping shoulders, most of his phenomenal strength in his neck and in the thigh muscles which moved visibly under his sleek prewar clothes. His beauty, and he possessed a great deal, lay in his hands and face and in the narrow neatness of his feet.

His hands were like a conjurer's, large, masculine and shapely, the fingers longer than the palms, and the bones very apparent under the thin skin.

His face was remarkable. In feature it was excellent, conventionally handsome and full of drawing, the nose straight and short, the upper lip short also and deeply grooved, the chin round and cleft. His eyes were too full and too flat, but they were a deep bright blue, with very long, thick lashes. As much as could be seen of the brown hair under his black beret betrayed an obstinate curl despite the prison cut, and jail pallor—which of all complexions is the most hideous—could not destroy the fineness of his skin.

He was a man who must have been a pretty boy, yet his face could never have been pleasant to look at. Its ruin lay in something quite peculiar, not in an expression only, but in something integral to the very structure. The man looked like a design for tragedy. Grief and torture and the furies were all there naked, and the eye was repelled even while it was violently attracted. He looked exactly what he was, unsafe. Just now he was very tired and prison had left its mark on him. His clothes had been made for him by a tailor of flamboyant temperament some time in the early thirties, but they were now too loose and there were little scurfy patches on his forehead where the hair line ended.

But he had not lost his grip. Personal magnetism glowed in him. He waited for the precise moment when their first shock came to an end and, just as it arrived, nodded casually to the three he recognized.

"Hallo Roly, hallo Bill, hallo Tom. Mind if I take a pew?"

He dropped on to the box at the head of the table where Doll usually sat and, with a grin at the dwarf, took a chipped potato from the little man's sheet of paper and ate it.

"Duds been in yet?" The inquiry was casual. At any rate, he did not wait for an answer, but stretched out his long fingers for another potato, laughing when the dwarf, his tongue lolling, shovelled a whole handful towards him nervously.

But to his hearers the words had a superstitious horror. Duds had never seemed so dead. With a warning glance at Roly, Tiddy Doll began to edge backwards towards Geoffrey, while the ex-fisherman burst into nervous disclaimers.

"No, he ain't. Duds don't come 'ere, Gaffer. Duds 'as never been 'ere in his life."

"Hasn't he?" Havoc was eating more quickly now, not with any show of eagerness, but steadily, shooting out his hand for one grease-sodden strip after another. "I didn't know that. He let me have all the gen on you, though. That's how I knew where to look you up. Quite a reasonable joint you've got here."

He had an artificial accent, rather more successful than most of the refinements of cockney, the words very carefully if not always correctly enunciated, and spoken as if he were listening to them with pleasure.

"I've not seen him yet." He paused and his mouth split into a smile of sudden and frightening frankness. "I've been on the bash."

Bill sidled towards him, his hands trembling, and laid the limp wreck of the morning paper on the table. "We were all reading this," he said. "We were reading it when you came in, Gaffer."

The sight of the newspaper already in their hands was a shock to the newcomer. They realized it at once, but not because he betrayed it. His magnetism faltered for a moment, like a current switched off and on. That was all.

A moment later he had bent forward to take a handful of potatoes from the main parcel and had dropped them on the headlines contemptuously.

"That?" he looked round him. "I've been reading that myself."

Bill still hovered. He looked as if he were incapable of getting away and yet fidgeting to do so. He made little thrusting gestures just behind the other man's ear.

"Did you read it all, Gaffer?"

"All that interested me. Go away, Bill."

"Did you read the back page?"

"No. I used the whole paper for a bit of tidying up. I had something on me that needed cleaning, and when I'd finished I screwed it up and chucked it into the doorway of a police station."

It was not true. No one believed it, and yet it impressed them, as he knew it would.

"You ought to have read it, Gaffer, because there's a bit about old Duds in it. He's dead. He's been done in. It says so. Gives 'is real name and everything. 'Is brother-in-law identified 'im."

The ragged man brought out the words in a jumble which was only just lucid, and stood swaying on his toes playing with danger.

"Duds?" Again there was the same strange sensation of shock and faltering power. It was more marked this time and the man's thick lashes quivered. He pushed the food aside and turned the paper over. When he looked up he startled them. "God," he said. "What luck! He did something soft and it caught him, I suppose." He threw back his head. "Now what?"

It was a cry which frightened them. All they understood was that it was a disaster, and if for him then also for themselves. It was all the more terrifying because until then they had not realized that they were no longer regarding him objectively. Already he had taken hold of them, swooped them up and collected them as if they had been a crowd of impressionable girls.

In the far corner, where he had been bending over Geoffrey, Tiddy Doll noticed the reaction and for once he did not bluster. He had been quietly busy with his piece of adhesive plaster. He always carried this instrument of torture about with him because the dwarf was given to noisy tantrums on occasions and it was the easiest way of dealing with him. Doll had become an adept at its swift administration, and even now could always take the little man by surprise. Geoffrey had been neither surprised nor protesting, but a strong self-preservative sense was keeping him quiet while he husbanded all the strength he possessed.

As Tiddy Doll heard the words and the note in Havoc's voice, he bent a little lower over the bed. Geoffrey heard him catch his breath and the little sigh he gave when there was no response.

"When did you lot see Duds last?"

The dangerous question floated across the room and the albino spun round. "We seen 'im this afternoon," he said promptly. "He came out of the station in Crumb Street and we follered 'im and meant to speak to 'im but 'e give us the slip." The lie came out glibly. "That's right, ain't it, mates?"

It was the old leader reasserting himself, and they responded at once, relieved at the proffered escape.

"That's right."

"'E give us the slip."

"Fog was thick just there."

"But we ain't *never* spoken to 'im, Gaffer." Roly could not help adding the information. "We see 'im once in the West End, all togged up, but we ain't *never* spoken to 'im."

"He saw you more often than that." Havoc's weariness was beginning to show in him like a boxer halfway through a prize-fight. His eyes were beginning to burn and his face was growing dark with exhaustion. But he had great reserves. "Duds was busy working for me, as a matter of fact. I told you I got all the news from him, indirectly, of course, but I heard all about Tiddy Doll here and Tom's bit of trouble."

The small regular teeth appeared in a smile. "You've all been looking for me, I hear."

Their amazed consternation delighted him. He sat laughing at it, the amusement breaking through the agony in his face.

"You always talked too much, Roly. Sometimes people listen."

"'Oo give us away?" Tiddy Doll's bewilderment was destroying his caution, and there was a trace of his old bluster in his demand.

The man who sat in his place at the head of the table considered him thoughtfully. "Your name is Doll and you come from a two-house country town called Tiddington," he remarked pleasantly. "After being rejected on medical grounds from every regimental depot in the east country, you attached yourself in the middle of the war to the two-stroke-four-oh-oh-nine transit camp at Hintlesham as temporary unpaid hanger-on. After some time your willingness, cleanliness, and talent for organization got you—God alone knows how—on to the strength, and you even got a stripe. When the war ended you were slung out pronto before anyone noticed you, and you pestered the life out of the officers of your old company until you were reported to the civilian police and were forbidden the district. Do you want to hear any more?"

Doll could not speak. He stood gaping. Havoc turned his head away and returned to the others. "You poor, silly blokes," he said, "stamping up and down the streets making a god-awful row. Do you think no one sees you? Every wide boy in the town knows everything there is to know about you. You're no mystery."

The company was startled, but on the whole pleased. It may be disconcerting to find that the pool in which one is lurking is under a microscope, but at least it lends one a certain importance. The Tiddington man was shaken but his pride found some solace. There was one rather important and recent thing about him that this omniscient being did not know. His dark glasses saved him, or Havoc would have seen him wink at Roly.

His momentary superiority gave him dangerous courage. "There's a copper up 'ere outside the door," he remarked recklessly.

The bright blue eyes rested on him once more. "So what?"

Doll quailed. "'E 'as a drag up there when 'e ought to be on duty, that's all," he said.

"I know. I gave him a light. I wasn't sure what your arrangements with him were, so I came round the alley and through the letterbox."

Doll said nothing but he licked his lips. Roly was more impressed. His thin face was flushed and he looked younger, more the soldier he once had been.

"You ain't really forgot us, then, Gaffer?" he said proudly. "We thought you 'ad, me and Bill and Tom. Tom's very funny," he added as a confidential afterthought. "Tom's a bit don't-understand. I don't reckon 'e knows you."

The tall boy, who was still lying on the bed, raised his head. "I ain't forgot 'im," he said. "I know you, Gaffer. I know the state you're in. You're like you were that night when you came back to the boat, you know, after you'd done them that time."

The directness of the statement and its simple inference brought the whole terrifying situation into key, as if a casement had swung wide on them. Havoc himself caught the full glare of it. He glanced down at the paper where the headlines were still visible

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

I was looking at the photographer, but my mind was not really on him. I may have been thinking of horses. They were my passion, as a child, and have always been throughout my life.

At this time I had a white pony called Merrylegs. On Sunday mornings I rode to Harleston, two and a half miles away from our home at Mendham, in Suffolk, for the post: I was so small that if I got off the pony I couldn't get on again, and so I used to sit waiting until someone in the post office saw me and brought out the letters. I was six years old then, and adored that pony.

When my father finally took to driving fourteen-hand ponies, instead of horses, I ventured to ride them as I grew bolder, never telling quite all that happened. I stuck to it in spite of being chucked off again and again. I was told never to let go of the reins, and so more than once I was dragged along on my stomach in the miry lanes.

My brothers and I lived a happy, adventurous, outdoor life. We had an old, two-ended, flat-bottomed boat, fitted with a sail we made. One day we took it out in a strong March gale. Soaring down a long reach of river, we crashed into a great overhanging tree at the bottom of an orchard; the mast and sail fell, and we were

thrown on to our backs and I fell into the river. We escaped drowning—but not a thrashing.

My elder brother and I could draw from an early age. I remember once being so jealous of a pencil copy he had made of "A Yellow-hammer and its Nest," which I saw pinned above his head, that I viciously rubbed it all over with a wet finger and destroyed it.

As I grew up, drawing was the only thing I wanted to do.

When I left school, my father placed me in a Norwich lithographer's, paying forty pounds premium and binding me for six years.

And by the time I was twenty, the Royal Academy accepted two of the three works I submitted.

Today he is a famous painter. For his name turn to page 35

From California GLYNIS JOHNS brought home this "poncho" stole in sharp yellow wool. Cut like a little cape, it lies snugly over her shoulders and gives that "lift" to a plain skirt and sweater which puts her far above the crowd in chic. "I make sure that only Lux is used for all my fine wool things," she says. "Lux keeps the colours bright and true, and leaves them feeling *so* soft and lovely."

Glynis Johns

gives you her fashion secret

She keeps her things soft and lovely with LUX

Lux on her bathroom shelf is Miss Johns' fashion secret. A dip through Lux suds after every wearing keeps her stockings silky-soft and run-free, her lovely undies sweet and soft as new. "I use Lux for *all* my pretty clothes," she says, "It keeps them fresh and charming."

Charming Glynis Johns is the screen's blithe spirit; off-stage, as well as on, her enchantingly husky voice and gamin smile mark her out as a girl with a difference. In private life she has a flair for smart and simple clothes that really are distinctive. Loving black and white and grey, she highlights these with a vivid flash of colour that accents her pearly skin and unusual ash-grey hair.

Here she is wearing a black broderie anglaise coat-dress over a steel-grey satin sheath. The waist is widely belted and focussed with a huge pink rose. "This is glamour with one foot on the ground," says Miss Johns. "With different coloured slips beneath, I have a *wardrobeful* of dresses. I keep this fragile coat — and all my pretty things — soft and charming with Lux care." Only Lux is used to wash Miss Johns' precious things, because it is so gentle with sheer fabrics. She knows that Lux can only do them good.

Lux contains no soda or harsh chemicals at all to spoil the *feel* of delicate materials. Mild as a baby soap, it cannot strip away the finish of fabrics, leaves them feeling so soft and lovely. Lux really does things good! Buy some today!

LX 3048-50

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

you know you've started her off fit and warm, fairly bouncing with energy! How right you are to give her Scott's—a really nourishing breakfast. So economical too—you can easily afford to give her that extra helping.

QUICK COOKING SCOTT'S, CREAMIEST PORRIDGE THERE IS

improves all meals

through the grease, and blinked and looked up again.

"Poor old Tom," he said hastily, but the mischief had been done. They were looking at him with daylit eyes. The enormity of his crime was rising slowly through the glamour and reaching fearful proportions. A moment more and he must lose them.

Doll grasped his chance. He sat down at the table and put his elbows on it. "Listen, Gaffer," he said, "I reckon you didn't come 'ere to find Duds at all. I reckon you come 'ere because you figured we wouldn't see the paper until the morning, and you wanted a quiet lie-down. You've seen your wide boys and you've found that they knew about you, since seemingly they know everything, and you've found out they wouldn't touch you. You've come 'ere because you ain't got nowhere else to go. We ain't much, but we've got cover. You've found you made a big mistake when you come out. You didn't know the fighting was over, did you, not reelly, shut up in there? Things 'ave changed since the war. It's bin a shock to you to see that. You're on the run."

The ruthless broadside was annihilating, and the ring of truth in it so clear, that the most stupid among them could not help but recognize it.

Slowly and gracefully, Havoc leant back in his chair. No one saw any other movement, but as their glances travelled down from his face to the table they saw that a knife had appeared in his hand. It had come there as if by magic, or as if it had grown there, springing from his bony fingertips. It was a combat weapon, sword-bladed and serviceable, with nothing remarkable about it save that it did not look new.

"And again," he said softly, "so what?"

This time there was no power cut, no faltering. He was on top of himself and then, almost joyous. His excellent physique, so different from their own, became flaunting and magnificent, and all trace of weariness banished and gone.

"Who moves first? You, Whitey?"

No one stirred an eyelid. There is an odour about genuine violence, real menace, which tingles in the nostrils with a pepper which histrionics can never match.

"Perhaps you'd like me to give you a demonstration?"

"No, Gaffer, no, no!" Roly was frantic. "No, we've seen your demonstration. Put it up. Tiddy don't understand, 'e don't know. 'E don't mean nothing, Tiddy don't. We're with you, Gaffer, of course we are. Besides, we've got reasons of our own to think of."

THE fatal admission was out before he could stop it. Havoc's full, flat eyes stayed their roving glance and came to rest on him.

"Oh. Which reasons are those?"

Roly appealed helplessly to Tiddy Doll, expressionless behind his shrouded glasses.

The man from Tiddington made his best effort. He sat solid and still. "We've got private affairs, like other people," he said at last. "We don't want the police round here just now, not on any account, and that's straight, mister."

There was enough conviction to carry. The man at the end of the table was impressed. He regarded the albino curiously, holding his head a little on one side, his mouth faintly amused.

"Not one of you has got a real record, they tell me," he remarked at last, "and you don't want to spoil it, eh?"

"It's not a question of records, no, nor of prisons," said Tiddy presently. "I picked my men and I picked chaps 'oo weren't going to be a nuisance to me. But just lately, only a day or two ago, we 'ad a little accident, so we ain't doing nothing out of the ordinary, not for a week or two." He hesitated, and no one knew if his red eyes behind the dark glasses were peering at the little weapon on the table. "We're keeping quiet and keeping ourselves to ourselves like we always do."

Havoc glanced round him with casual arrogance. "They told me that you were clean in your habits and I hand it to you, Corporal. I don't know how you do it."

The inconsequential piece of flattery was an inspiration and the countryman was sidetracked.

"The Queen could eat orf the floor," he said, with more enthusiasm than would perhaps have impressed royalty. "We got our rules, and we obey 'em. We got comfort, too, and good grub."

The tired, hag-ridden tiger in the good clothes allowed his glance to stray towards an empty cot next to Tom, but he remained a tiger. Doll was feeling his way.

"I ain't chatty, but I'm not funky," he began cautiously. "But I'm not saying we're all quite so strong upstairs." He tapped his forehead significantly. "No names, no packdrill. But you can see for yourself, Gaffer, there's plenty of us to make mistakes."

There was so much truth in what he said that his motive was not obvious. Never had the band looked less reliable or even less human. They were both cowed and excited, and sat round watching the two men as if they were at a show.

NOW there were noises from the market and, if no actual daylight, for the fog had persisted, the archway leading to the drain was several degrees less black, and there was a faint, fluorescent glow on the wall round the "letter-box."

The city was awake and stretching itself. Very soon now, round warm breakfast tables, families would read the newspapers and from every surrounding police district more and more men, patient and knowledgeable, would come on duty.

Doll sat looking at the table. The knife had gone again. The Gaffer's hands were resting there, his fingers drumming very lightly on the board. Doll did not dare to glance behind him at the bed in the far corner, but he raised his head when Roly's eyes flickered towards it and back again. The idea playing round the cunning country brain was tantalizing and the situation, of course, was no less desperate than ever it had been.

Presently he wagged his head towards the stairs. "That's the only way out."

Jack Havoc watched him with interest. "I know. They told me that. Two ways in, one way out."

Tiddy Doll leant his chin on his hands, probably to prevent himself from clenching them. He took a long breath.

"I was thinking, Gaffer, there's enough of us for a bloke to hide among, even in the street, supposing he wanted to get from place to place."

"Your mind works." Havoc was condescending but friendly. "I like that."

"But it would be wonderfully risky, supposing we didn't know what we was doing." The Suffolk accent, soft and broad, was like an apology. There was no more bargaining. Both men were

THE HUMAN MACHINE

For all to take

LIFE has a habit of not offering its best gifts unasked. You have to find them for yourself, but when you do they are freely handed over.

Friendship, the fruits of knowledge, experience, the enjoyment of beauty are all yours for the taking. But you must *take*. They won't be given to you. It is only those who don't know this who complain that life is dull and uninteresting.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

feeling the strain and each understood the other remarkably well.

Havoc stretched himself, and when he spoke it was in conscious imitation of the British junior officer in the field.

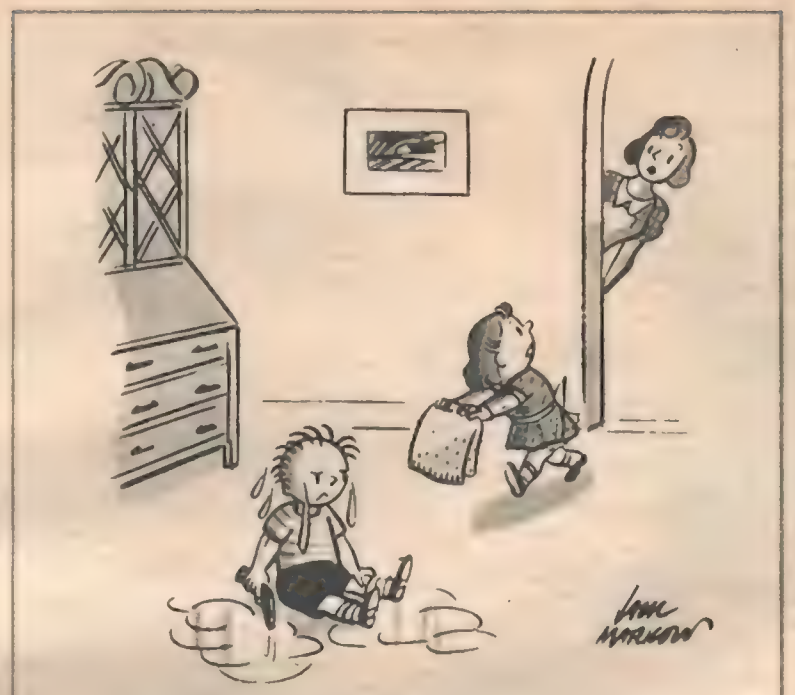
"I rather think we should have a conference, Corporal, don't you?"

Tiddy Doll sighed and played his masterstroke. "Pick your officers, Captain," he said.

At first Geoffrey was the only person to notice Tiddy Doll's peculiar manoeuvre with the conference table. The albino made the arrangement of orange crates with a great deal of ostentatious care, designed, apparently, to ensure that the conspirators would be well away from the rank and file while retaining command of the staircase. Yet in fact he seemed to be arranging for the talk to take place so close to the prisoner's bed that Havoc could not but notice him.

It was such an extraordinary mistake for one usually so cautious that Geoffrey was astounded until the diabolical explanation occurred to him. Doll might entertain qualms at the prospect of removing an unwanted witness in cold blood, but Havoc would have none.

The newcomer still sat at the head of the main table, colourful and lonely in the pool of light from the single winging bulb. From the way they were all treating him, he might have been a genuine wild animal sitting up there, fascinating and uncertain. Whenever he forgot them and withdrew into his own agonizing thoughts, they breathed more comfortably, but for the most part he was irritably aware of every movement, and the strain of having him there was unbearable.



"He shot himself while cleaning his water pistol"

HAVOC watched the fussy preparations with growing annoyance, and, as usual, it was Roly who precipitated matters. Having noticed what he thought was a serious mistake, he made frantic signals. Havoc caught him, and at once the whole interest of the gathering was centred on the bed in the far corner.

"What have you got over there, Corporal?" The languor in the careful voice deceived no one. Doll was ready for it. He had known it must come but had hoped for matters to go a little further first. He made a subservient gesture, bent over the bed to pull the blanket higher, and then bustled the full length of the room. He came round the table so that he stood with his back to the main company, and, setting both palms firmly on the board, leaned down to speak confidentially. His dark glasses hid any sign of nervousness and his white head moved close to the dark and stricken face. Only Roly and Bill cared to come up behind him.

"That's our bit of private trouble, Gaffer," he said, lowering his voice to a murmur. "Our little accident I was telling you about. He's spark out, only just breathin'. Bin like that two days and a night now."

The lie brought tremendous comfort to the two men lurking in the background because of the slight mixture of truth which it contained. It seemed to put them in the clear with the Gaffer while effectively skating over the delicate matter of Duds. Their admiration for Tiddy became almost affectionate.

"That's right," said Roly.

Doll's angry shrug warned him to keep out. "I figure 'e's a gonner any time now, and that won't suit nobody. Anyway, 'e's 'armless, Gaffer."

"Who is he?"

The countryman hesitated. "'E's a fellow 'oo was brought down 'ere when 'e was blind drunk," he said finally. "'E 'ad a bit o' money on 'im and he lorst it, and then 'e turned nasty. We shook 'im up and there 'e is, and that's the Gospel truth."

The tale was such an ordinary one that it convinced even the two who knew it to be a lie. To them it appeared to be, as it were, a better truth. Havoc did not question it, but he disliked inefficiency.

"Why keep him?" he demanded. "Take him out and stick him in a doorway. In the fog you can't go wrong."

"We know." The albino was humble. "We were going to. It's my fault we ain't done it yet. I figured 'e'd come round a bit, so we shouldn't 'ave to carry 'im. Now 'e don't look as if 'e's going to. Besides, we were a bit windy. We didn't know if 'e'd bin missed."

"So that's why one of you went down early to get a paper?"

"That's it, that's it, Gaffer. That's 'ow we come to see your picture." Bill was hopping with delight at the fortuity of the story.

In the darkness under the blanket, Geoffrey lay still. He had not been able to hear a word of Doll's explanation and had no idea what was going to happen to him as the men trooped over. One thing he did know was that he was helpless. His feet and hands had been numb for some time, and although this meant that his cords no longer burnt him, his legs and arms ached dully and frighteningly as though they could never regain their use. The gag was nauseating, but he could breathe, for the blanket was carefully loose about his head.

His heart sank when they ignored him and sat down. He had not underestimated Doll. Havoc sat with his back to the bed, with the albino on his right and the other two on his left. The wide sweep of the cellar lay before him.

"They're quiet because they're windy." Tiddy Doll's voice sounded in the prisoner's ear, it was so close. "They're all right, Gaffer. They don't look much, but I don't want 'em to. I picked 'em for their looks. It's their looks that bring the business. They're all right if handled right."

ROLY intervened nervously. "You can't tell the Gaffer nothing about men, Tiddy. He could always size a bloke up. That's what we noticed in the Army. There'll be no trouble with our lot, Gaffer, so long as they get their grub."

"That's what I was coming to." Tiddy took over firmly. "It ain't long now before we'll be thinking of a bit of breakfast. Breakfast is important for morale, like they used to say. Usually we all go down to a little place just at the back of the market 'ere. There's an old couple keeps it and they expect us. My idea is we'd better go same as we always do. No one will look at us then, but if we don't turn up, people might start thinking. Why don't you come with us? You'd be lorst among us if you changed your clothes, and if you wanted to 'ide your face with a bit of a bandage, well, there'd be nothing out of the ordinary in that, would there, not among us? It could be a recce, a sort of try-out."

"What kind of place?" The smooth voice was interested.

"Small," Doll said quickly, "but there's three doors."

"There's so much steam in the room you can't see across it." Bill giggled self-consciously. He was growing a dreadful new refinement in imitation of the newcomer. "No one there would recognize you. But are you going to trust *us*, that's what it comes to?"

"That's what I was coming to," Doll cut in. "The Gaffer's a judge of men, you say. Well, then, 'e'll know I'm right. We all know too much about this 'ere Treasure no one 'as spoke out about yet. We've been thinking of it, dreaming of it for years. The Gaffer 'as shown 'e knows we know. And if we stick together, we'll all be livin' like lords." He made a sudden movement. "We've got to be in on it, Gaffer, ain't we? We've got to be in on it."

"But I always meant that you should." Havoc was graceful even when giving ground. "You can take the place of Duds, Corporal. I always felt that the men who were there ought to share. The rest——"

"I ain't thinking about the rest," said Doll, keeping his voice down. "They'll do what I say, and I'll look after 'em, same as I always do. They'll live like lords' pals," he added sardonically.

"So I imagine." The faint drawl was amused. "I let Roly into this thing long ago. He and Bill and Tom were with me, serving under me. I chose them."

"Did you *see* the stuff, Gaffer?" Despite himself, Roly could not keep quiet. "You never said. Did you see the stuff all lying there?"

Havoc clicked his tongue against his teeth. "You sound like a kid dreaming of ice-cream," he said. "No, of course I didn't see it. It was well hidden. That's why it's still there waiting for us, if we can pick it up quickly. Listen, this is what happened on the raid. After we'd done the job we were alone, Elginbrodde and me, in the house. The orders were that I was to do the necessary and he was to verify they were dead. He didn't like it, he wasn't that sort. He got me into the house and made the recce, and I went into the bedroom and did the job while he waited. When I came out, he went in. He came back white as a paper bag, but quiet, as he always was, and gave me the O.K. We had one or two other things to do, and when they were done, instructions were that we were to come out at once and get back to you on the beach before anyone came up the road. It was dead quiet. You could have heard a petrol engine coming five miles away. When we reached the little garden behind the house, he stopped me."

As he listened, Geoffrey caught some of the stillness of the spring night, the scent of the herbs in the little French close, the noise of the sea, soothing and forever, and behind the two, in the bedroom, still warm, the dreadful necessary thing.

The re-created atmosphere was all the more startling because Havoc had not found it terrible. It was his absence of emotion, his impersonal picture of the appalled young officer carrying out orders with a perfect but unfeeling weapon, as it were a living knife, which produced the horrific effect.

Havoc was still talking. "Elginbrodde said to me: 'Keep a look-out a minute, will you, Sergeant? I just want to have a squint at something to see it's still all right.' He left me standing there, but presently I saw where he was from a glim from his pencil-torch. He had gone into a sort of stone hut there was by the wall. I went after him, naturally, because I didn't want to miss anything. The way he'd spoken had interested me, see? There he was, letting the little light spot over the stone. The place was empty as a poor-box. He told me afterwards it was an ice-house, a thing they had before fridges, to keep the food in. It was just a bare hole with a decorated drain running through it, and a garden image at one end of that. There was nothing else, so I said: 'They've got it, sir, have they?' He laughed. I just saw his teeth before the light went out. And he said: 'No, it's safe, thank God. They'll never find it now unless there's a direct hit, and then it'll hardly matter.'"

"You was a long time getting back," Roly said. "I remember that."

"Of course we were. There was a moon. One minute the sky was like a featherbed and the next the blasted lamp shone out like a searchlight, and there was me and Elginbrodde, half naked on the brow of the cliff, looking like a couple of lighthouses ourselves. We dropped and lay there. There was nothing for it but to wait. Elginbrodde kept thinking he heard a car coming up the lane. It was his windiness which made him talk. I saw I could handle him and I started asking him about the ice-house.

"'What have you got down the well, sir?' I said. 'The family plate?' He shook me. He wasn't thinking of me as another man at all, see? I was just his chap, an object he'd got to get back safely. It made him talk to me as if I was his rifle or something. 'No, Sergeant,' he said, 'that's the Santa Deal Treasure there, and it's still all right. I didn't know about it until I was twenty-one or I'd have got it out of the country. By then it was just too late, and I had to hide it. I'm the last of us. No one knows now but I.' I did my best to make him repeat the name, but he wouldn't. It sounded like a ship's treasure to me."

IT was a fantasy—the secret of a ship's treasure handed down in a wealthy family to an orphan boy at twenty-one—but it lit up the cellar with a radiance which was more enchanting than moonlight itself. Roly was past speech and Doll's mouth dry.

From the street above, the sounds from the market were beginning to float down to them. The men on the other side of the room fidgeted a little but they did not move. Havoc's murmur, forceful with the weight of six years' dreaming, held his listeners spellbound.

"Then I asked him what was going to happen if he got hit. 'In that case it stays there for ever, I suppose?' I said."

"What did he say?" Roly was trembling.

"He said the damnedest thing I ever heard a man say. He said, 'Then it'll be up to the man my wife marries. I've left full instructions in a sealed envelope, and he'll get it on his wedding day. She couldn't manage it alone, but she'll choose someone like me, always.'"

Lying on the sacks, his head not three feet from the speaker, Geoffrey felt his heart turn over slowly and painfully in his side. This was the key. He heard the incredulous rumble from the others, like mutterings from another world, but he had recognized the unmistakable ring of truth in the reported words. Of course that was what Elginbrodde had done. When one knew Meg

Said a germ to his offspring aged two,
"Beware of that JEYPINE, son, do;
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For someone too bold:
The lately deceased—which was you".

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and old Avril, one realized that it was the only thing he could do.

Moreover, it was exactly the bold, simple, but unobvious step which in similar circumstances he must have taken himself.

He found this so amazing that his own predicament with all its danger was temporarily eclipsed. Elginbrodde had been so right. The more he heard about him the more evident that became. They *were* alike, both the same old mixture, practical but imaginative, conventional but ready to take a chance. All the jealousy Geoffrey had ever felt of Martin flared up to its highest peak in a searing sweep, and died outright like an exhausted flame. He felt freed of it suddenly, as Meg became, mysteriously, entirely his own.

Meanwhile, his immediate danger was becoming more acute. Havoc was growing practical.

"Now," he was saying, "keep steady. I've been working on this, and so far everything has gone to plan. I arranged with myself that I'd go about it just as we went about the raid, good planning, good organization, and unhesitating execution. Those are the things which don't fail. No softness, no funking, and no witnesses. The first thing to do is to get the envelope Elginbrodde left. That's vital. The raid was a top-secret job. None of us knew where we went except Elginbrodde, and you could have crucified him before he'd have told you. We thought it was France, but it might have been anywhere along the whole west coast of Europe. We've got to have the exact location of the house, and the position of the stuff in the house. There'll be legal documents, too, papers giving the bearer permission to take the stuff away. Elginbrodde will have thought of that. He wanted his wife's new bloke to get it without any trouble. That was his whole idea. Once I hold those documents, the foreign police'll be on our side. They'll help us shift it, if necessary. We want the lot, don't we, not a handful each?"

Tiddy Doll sat motionless, his chin raised, the dark glasses hiding any expression in his eyes. "Oo'd Major Elginbrodde give the letter to?" he said at last. "'Is wife?"

"No. She'd open it. Any woman would. I didn't worry about that. I made certain he'd leave it with his lawyers."

It was the first time the word had been mentioned, and at once the atmosphere became tense. Doll wetted his lips.

"You went to their office tonight to see, didn't yer?"

"Yes." The drawl had returned to the over-careful voice. "I always meant to do that. As soon as I'd seen a contact of mine and changed my clothes, I went down there." Havoc paused, and in the respite Tiddy Doll did a terrifying thing. He slid out a foot and kicked the bed on which Geoffrey lay. He did it very stealthily, but it was a definite movement guaranteed to call the occupant's attention to anything about to be said.

"That's where you went on the bash, ain't it, Gaffer?" he prompted gently.

"Yes. No interference allowed, that was the rule I made."

For a long time there was silence at the conference table; then Doll spoke uneasily. Now that the dream which had kept him going for so long was becoming a reality, it was losing its comfort, and his resolution wavered.

"What makes you so certain the stuff's going to be there after all this time, Gaffer?" he asked.

"Because it's waiting for me." The conviction in the tone was absolute and it impressed them. "I'm meant to find it. I knew that as soon as I heard of it, that night on the cliffs." He laughed softly. "You won't understand this, but I'll tell you. Elginbrodde had to confide in me, and probably the blasted moon had to come out just at that moment to make him do it. We *had* to go on the trip together in the first place, and you can tell that's true by the queer way it happened. I was special, see. There were half a million other sergeants in the Army who might have been chosen, but they had to find me for the job, and do you know how they did it?"

He drew them closer to him, pouring out the essence of his belief into their uneasy ears.

"You've never heard of a hollerith, have you? It was a thing they had in the Army, based on an American business invention. I can't explain it to you, but it was a great room-sized machine, like a glorified cash register, I've heard. They decided on the things they wanted in a chap—athletic, combat-trained, been in a few scrapes, reckless, able to climb and if necessary carry someone who couldn't, age twenty-six, not particular, not known to have a family or a woman, good with men, or anything else they thought of, right down to the colour of his eyes. Then they pressed all the buttons and up came his card with his name and number on it. If there were two or three chaps there were two or three cards. Sound like magic to you, Corporal?"

It sounded like something else to the man from Tiddington. He licked his dry lips. "Go on, Gaffer."

"I was found by that machine," said Havoc earnestly. "Mine was the only card that turned up, and do you know where I was? I was under guard waiting for court-martial. It was looking as though I'd come really unstuck at last. But suddenly I was fetched out, all forgiven, rank restored, allowed to volunteer, trained and paired with Elginbrodde. They wanted *me*. I was the one. It was a tricky time and they were in a jam and I appeared."

He leaned back on his box and Geoffrey's bed shook a little as he touched it.

"You'll say there's nothing in that," he went on. "What's a straight invention by a scientist? But the rest isn't. While I was training with Elginbrodde I took the trouble to inquire about him, and do you know what I found? I found I knew the people he knew, and that he was a man I could always keep my eye on. He was the one and only officer in the whole Army who I was in a position to watch all the time. I knew someone who was close to him, see? And they were as close to me as anyone has ever been. That's why, as soon as he spoke to me on the cliff, I knew that what he said was important to me and part of my life."

He waited for their reaction, and when they merely shuffled uncomfortably, he laughed again.

"I told you you'd never understand it. It's when you're alone hour after hour in a cell like a monk that you see these things. To you it sounds like a coincidence, but there aren't any coincidences, only opportunities. Keep your feet on the ground and you'll see that."

"Sounds like a religion to me," said Bill, and he giggled because he was thrilled and drawn by the emotion ruffling the smooth voice.

Havoc regarded him sombrely. "Religion, nuts! This is the thing religion goes soft on. Call it the Science of Luck, that's my name for it. There's only two rules in it: watch all the time and never do the soft thing. I've stuck to that and it's given me power."

"That's right, Gaffer. You've got power all right," Doll spoke hurriedly. He knew men were often a little queer when they came out after a long prison term, but he was frightened all the same. "You've been able to watch Elginbrodde's wife while you was inside?"

"Of course I have. I've watched you all. You can hear more in stir than you can out if you give your mind to it. I got all the information I wanted in, and all the orders I had to give out. I knew she was going to marry again two days before the engagement."

"Married again?" This was news to them all, and Roly sat back, ludicrous horror on his sharp-featured face. "You're not tellin' us she's done it? The new feller ain't got the envelope?"

"No. He doesn't know about it yet, but he will, and that's the hurry. When I got the news, I couldn't make my break immediately. The doc I was working on was showing interest, but he wasn't ripe, so I got the word out

"What did we have for supper?"

to Duds and he's been doing the stunt which we arranged if ever this should happen when I was inside. It was a beautiful idea and it was working like a dream. My contact expected the wedding would be called off, but now Duds has come unstuck. He did something soft or it wouldn't have happened. Duds *was* soft. He got us shopped last time because he wouldn't stick a man he'd been drinking with. We had to wait for another, and by that time the luck had changed. I don't know what he did this time. Perhaps the girl's new bloke got him."

So it had come. Geoffrey waited for the next words with the stabbing pain of fear taking his breath away. One of the three *must* put two and two together now.

But when Doll spoke, his mind was still on the envelope.

"And it weren't at the lawyers'?" he said thoughtfully.

"No. I'd made so sure of that." Havoc sounded introspective, as if he were searching for some flaw which could account for his lack of success. Bright eyes like rats' eyes were watching him from the farther wall. The men had their coats on and sat hugging their wretched instruments, waiting for breakfast and the new day.

"I shall get it, though," he said. "I tried one other place tonight. It was an address I had given me when I got out. My contact had it ready for me. I went to the new bloke's house, the one he's getting ready to take the girl to when he marries her. It was no good, though. They hadn't moved in properly. There weren't any papers in the place at all." He laughed abruptly. "I nearly walked into trouble there. I saw a busy outside, but I took the risk and went on in. I thought I had plenty of time with the fog so thick, but they must have been waiting for his call, for they came along in strength, and I had to jump for it. There was someone in the house, too. A woman. I smelled her face powder."

Geoffrey's scalp was crawling and his lips moved helplessly against the gag.

"She couldn't have seen me," Havoc was saying. "She was out on the stairs when I was in one of the rooms. I didn't waste any time on her. It wasn't because I went soft. The police cars had turned up by the time I noticed her, and I had to slip off."

"It must have been 'er," Roly spoke in a whisper, as if he were himself hiding in a surrounded house. "It must 'ave been the major's widow 'erself."

"What?" The question sounded appalled. The unexpectedness of its passion startled them all.

"It was 'er," Roly repeated. "Must 'ave been. Now, if you 'ad only woodened *'er*, we'd have 'ad all the time in the world," he added weakly.

"I didn't know." Havoc's voice grew high. "I tell you I didn't know. I did like the smell of the powder, but I didn't know."

"That ain't sense, Gaffer, and you know it." Tiddy Doll's intervention was instinctive. He alone recognized Havoc's superstition for what it was, and he dragged the man back to solid ground. "What I want to ask is, why was the busy outside the new bloke's 'ouse at all? Did this private contact you keep talking about tip the p'lice orf? Or did one of their dicks spot you was after something of Elginbrodde's when you was at the lawyers'? If so, p'raps they've stopped all the gaps in the hedge."

The direct questions brought an answer which startled everybody. "Do you know, you're not the first person to say that to me tonight, Corporal?"

Tiddy Doll nodded and the light played on his black glasses, emphasizing their secretiveness. "That's the reason your wide-boy friends won't give you no help, Gaffer," he said earnestly. "That's why you 'ad to come to us, who ain't much bottle. You went wild at the lawyers'. You didn't even wear gloves."

"Of course I wore gloves."

"You didn't, you know." Tiddy was wagging his great head. "That was a habit you got out of in the war. It was such an ordinary habit that it went clean out of your mind. You knifed three people at the lawyers' tonight just because they'd seen and might recognize you, and yet you went and left your signature all over the shop. You ain't gone soft tonight, Gaffer. You've gone wild."

THERE was silence as he finished speaking. Havoc's cold thrill of realization was so acute that they all felt it. His shock of self-discovery touched them like a draught.

Tiddy Doll was merciless. "It was all in the paper. You couldn't 'ave read it, Gaffer, not like we did." His tone was smug and mocking. He was trying to make the man angry, prodding him, cutting the ground round him like a fighter tormenting a bull.

They were all aware of it, but only the prisoner, helpless behind him, realized its purpose.

"You'll 'ave to stick to your rule now, won't you, Gaffer?" Doll was breathing hard, his blank eyes turned towards the dark, unhappy face. "No interference, that's what you said. As you've started, so you'll 'ave to go on."

"I ought to have worn gloves." The voice was very soft now. "And I ought to have seen to the woman in Levett's new house, whoever she was. I——"

"Whose 'ouse?" Tiddy Doll forgot every other consideration as the name hit him in the face. "Whose did you say?"

"Geoffrey Levett's." Havoc's suspicion flared and he swung round, ready to see some deep and terrible significance in the slightest of coincidences. "Levett. He's the new bloke. He's the one the envelope is to go to. Why? Speak up, Corporal. Have you ever heard that name before?"

To be continued next week

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TURN OF THE TIDE

Continued from page 11

independence. A world quite free from the patchwork of irritations that were part of the pattern of his daily life. Here, there was little or no conflict; no nerve tissues stretching taut at the slightest provocation, and snapping as they were pulled too far. Even the climactic moment of trying to dispose of Ellen fell into a quiet, almost joke-like category. Of course he hadn't intended it. Of course he would have pulled her out if she had fallen. It was absurd to become worked up over such a slight affair. . . .

As he walked silently over the sands, he could hear the distant blaring of one of the Goodwin light vessels, and the occasional tentative moan of another ship at anchor in the Downs. It was like walking through some primeval forest, with the eerie, unidentifiable noises of unseen birds and animals his only company. It was a fitting setting for a graveyard of ships.

SOON he came to the far eastern edge, and found the water again. It was hard to believe he was separated from the nearest land by five miles of sea. He might easily have been paddling at the edge of the beach at Bournemouth or Torquay. There was that sameness of security and solidity.

On this side of the sands, the fog seemed thinner, as if it were trying to lift, and he wondered casually how much longer it would be before the tide turned and the yacht refloated.

A small cluster of weed and the husk of a dead, bleached crab, drifting slowly past to the southward, gave the answer; unexpectedly, for the tide should still have been running north, still ebbing into the North Sea.

Perhaps, he thought in a moment of sudden doubt, he had miscalculated; perhaps he had misread the tables and added an hour somewhere instead of subtracting. . . . He turned and set off hurriedly, back towards the other edge of the sands, following quite easily at first the light imprints of his bare feet, until he reached the harder, higher ridge, where the marks disappeared.

Pausing to assess the direction he must take, he moved forward again, confident that he would soon discover the yacht without having to suffer the indignity of shouting to Ellen for guidance.

The first shock of coming upon the water again, with no sign of the yacht to his left or right, was small and inconsequential. The confirmation that the tide was now beginning to flood back into the Channel was a more serious matter. He stood for a minute, watching the frothy, scummy ripples creep up to and over his toes. . . .

He wondered whether to move to the left or right, then decided that on his journey across he had probably veered a little too much to the right. The yacht would therefore be to his left. A few yards away, perhaps. There was no need for any alarm.

After walking fifty yards, he stopped. There had been nothing. Inside his chest, his heart was beginning to pound like the diesel of a powerful ship, while the muscles of his stomach seemed to contract, as if preparing to meet a heavy blow.

"Ellen," he called, without raising his voice much above normal. "Ellen, can you hear me?"

Only the gurgle and seeping of the water into the sand broke the silence.

"Ellen!"

This time his voice was higher, more urgent. "Ellen, can you hear me?"

He put his head on one side, waiting for the reply. But there was nothing. He must have come too far to the left altogether. As he hurried back along the ever-moving edge, splashing and occasionally stumbling in the inch-deep water, he began shouting continuously. "Ellen, ahoy! Ellen, can you hear me? Ellen, ahoy! . . ." But even to himself, in the blanketing fog, his voice seemed diffused and ineffective.

AFTER five or six minutes of walking, he knew he must have come too far. His first estimation of the position must have been right after all, and he should have followed his hunch a little farther to the south.

"Ellen!" he shouted as he now ran swiftly beside the encroaching water. "Ellen, if you can hear me, start beating the tin." Some of his composure had gone. The sweat of his exertion and growing fear came out on his forehead and mingled with the cool, damp moisture of the atmosphere. He could imagine Ellen hearing the anxiety in his voice, and silently smiling. Perhaps, even, she would refuse to help him, and remain just sitting there, hoping he'd never find her again. But he could hardly believe that; she was too frightened, too reliant on him, too dominated. Besides, he was bound to come across the anchor sooner or later, even if he could not see the yacht itself.

The water splashed up his legs as he ran.

"Ellen!" he screamed as he stumbled on. "For God's sake reply." A vessel somewhere out in the Downs whined a rude, irrelevant answer. "Ellen! . . . Can you hear me?"

He passed the point he had first reached on his return from the eastern side, and ran blindly on, still believing the yacht would emerge in the next instant, high and dry, with Ellen cowering in the well, fearing his anger and desperation. But there was nothing. Only the darkening fog, and the insidious line of spume and weed, edging in along the lessening sand.

"Ellen," he croaked. "Ellen, answer me. . . ."

Almost in a dream, he heard the first faint rapping; six quiet, muffled taps, unmistakably metal on metal, spanner on petrol can. He could not suppress a giggle, a near-hysteria giggle of relief.

"I can hear it," he mumbled to himself, and began splashing vaguely in the direction of the noise.

"Go on, Ellen," he called. "Hit it again."

The rappings were repeated, muffled and vague, but the contact was firmly established. He felt he could almost understand Ellen now, her silent, unaffectionate nature, her patient indifference, her calculated fears and devotion.

"Keep hitting," he shouted. "Keep it going all the time."

He slackened his pace and moved out of the shallow water to the sandy edge. There was now no point in groping along in the sea; no point in making his return unnecessarily dramatic. But even as he walked he began to realize that the noise was coming from somewhere away to his right. Somewhere that was now only water. . . .

He stared suddenly at something on the sand just ahead. Footprints, his own, probably; where he had stood before, perhaps, or where he had first come ashore from the boat and placed the anchor. In their midst, like a small, blind eye, was a single jagged hole. A hole recently dug. A hole recently broken at its sides by some violent movement.

He knelt down to examine it more closely. Among the prints of his own feet there were the unmistakable marks of a smaller foot. A foot with small, feminine toes and a sharp, rounded heel. The hole, he realized in that moment of sickening terror, was where the anchor had been; and the prints were Ellen's.

From the eerie, swirling gloom, the monotonous tapping became fainter, more distant.

He plunged into the sea in its general direction, the water reaching up over his knees, his thighs, his waist.

"Ellen," he called, unbelievingly. "What are you doing? I'm here. You can't leave me now . . . where are you? . . . Ellen! . . . Ellen!"

The tapping ceased, as if it had been waiting just for him to understand the position fully. The ensuing silence was fearful and consuming.

"Ellen!" he called again. "Don't stop. . . . I'll swim. . . . Forgive me, Ellen. Take me back. . . . You can't leave me here. . . ."

HE had meant to begin to swim, to go splashing out into the murk in the hope of making her change her mind. She couldn't leave him like that, just to drown like a kitten in a weighted sack. But even as he made his first desperate strokes, he knew he would never find her. A new fear took hold of him, the instinctive fear of death which comes when the scales are heavily weighted against survival. The elementary, all-powerful life force, the struggle to survive the instant, turned him and drove him back towards the sand.

Exhausted and barely conscious, he dragged himself out of the water, only to find that the inexorable advance of the tide caught him almost immediately in its flood, and drove him whimpering and shivering farther along the bank.

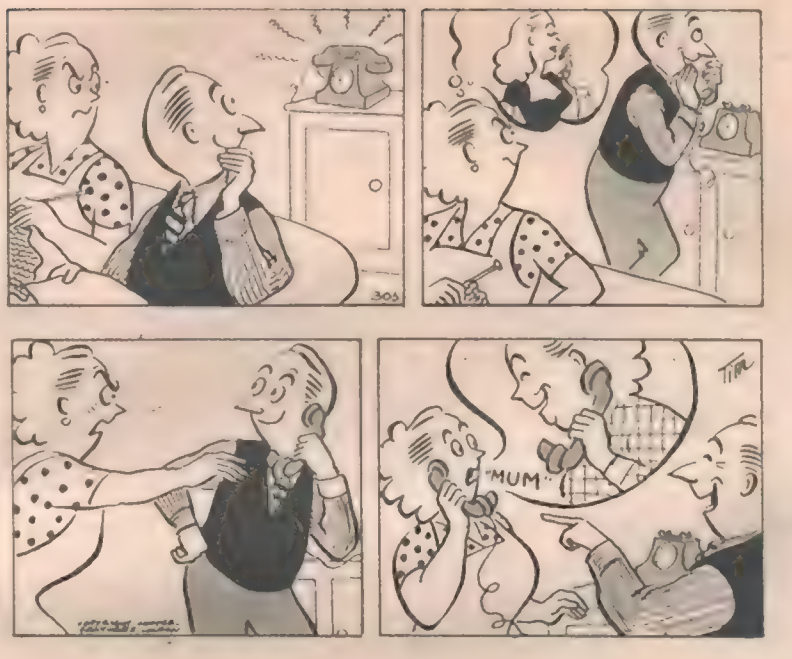
From beyond him, beyond his reach and comprehension, the soft, mocking tap of the spanner against the petrol can began again, wrapped now in the cotton-wool of the fog, and blurred out of recognition by the steadily growing distance.

Darkness had come, a darkness from which he knew there was now to be no escape; a darkness that was steadily wrapping him up in its cold, dispassionate folds, before finally lowering him for ever into the swimming emptiness of death.

Farther down Channel, the small yacht picked up a light evening breeze and, as the fog lifted, it began to pull away from the irresolute flotsam and jetsam drifting at the mercy of the ebb and flood.

THE END

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



THE BURNING OF GLENADOON

Continued from page 16

gathering the stone to his stomach, he tottered off furiously to the low wall of stones dividing the field from the moor, and threw his stone on it.

Over the years, Robert had built up that wall with all the stones his plough had thrown up. It served as a barricade against the moor's heather and brambles. But despite the number of times it happened, he had never "struck hard" without taking it as a personal affront.

His well-being restored, Robert returned to his plough and was about to continue when his grandson asked yet another question. "Gran'fether," he said, "why do you put them stones on the moor wall?"

"Stones in the soil is the curse of the farmers," Robert told him. "Throw a stone from your field like a black crime from your heart."

The boy considered this. "Why don't you put them in the gap?" He pointed in the opposite direction to a gap in the Glenadoon wall at the bottom of the field.

The old man had taken up the plough ropes and had set the horse moving, when he dragged it back to a stop.

"Did I hear you right?" He glowered at the boy. "Put a stone on the gap, indeed! In the name of God, boy, do you know what you're saying? A stone on the gap! I'd see Hegarty dead first. So long as I have breath to till my fields, that gap shall stay bare—not a stone upon a stone!"

Then, pressing on the plough, he flicked the ropes and the ploughing continued.

Abashed by the old man's rage, the boy did not speak for a few minutes. When he did, it was to ask another question. "Gran'fether," he began again, "why don't you look at Glenadoon?"

Robert fairly exploded. "You've named it! You've spoke that accursed word. I've a mind to flake the hide off ye."

"Ah no, Gran'fether," Gordon begged, moving to a safe distance.

"Take heed, boy. It's sorry you'll be if you disobey."

"Yes, Gran'fether, it's a rotten place. But why don't we look there?"

"The devil take it!" Robert retorted angrily. "Not another question now. Be quiet, will you!"

"Yes, Gran'fether," Gordon said.

BY noon they were well up the field when Robert noticed that Gordon had been glancing furtively every now and then at the house he shunned.

"I've got me eye on you looking at that place again."

Gordon's eyes switched sharply away. "Gran'fether. . . ." He was poised on another question.

"Take heed! Say that word again an' you're for it!"

They ploughed on. A few minutes later: "Gordon! Remember I'm watching you. Twist your neck that way again an' you'll see what I'll do."

Again the boy wrenched his glance away.

A moment later, however, his curiosity had the better of him. "Gran'fether," he said, looking round quickly, anticipating a reprimand. "Just look at Glenadoon!"

"Shut up defying your gran'fether!" Robert almost screamed at him, pulling up suddenly. "I'll——"

"Mr. McCory!"

"What was that?" Robert demanded.

"Mr. McCory!" It was a girl's voice from across the field where he had positively forbidden his grandson to turn his face. They looked at each other, the boy distraught with curiosity, the man committed to his own inflexible rule.

"Mr. McCory!"

"Gran'fether, it's Glenadoon," the

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boy begged. "You must look at Glenadoon."

"Only to see it burn would I look at that place," the other said, his face taut and violent.

"But it is burning, Gran'fether. Glenadoon's on fire!"

Robert swung round. Glenadoon looked strangely unmoved and dignified, despite the columns of smoke pouring quickly from her windows and upwards into a gigantic mushroom-shaped pall widening above it.

"Mr. McCory!" A girl was stumbling over the ploughed earth towards them. With surprise, he realized it must be Penny Hegarty, now a pretty girl of seventeen, with lustrous brown hair, dark eyes and soft, white arms. But she was a Hegarty and a daughter of the major himself. Her breast was heaving. "Mr. McCory," she panted. "Glenadoon's on fire. For God's sake come and help us!"

Robert turned from her without answering: it was the nearest she had ever been to the man whose bitterness stretched back as far as she could remember.

"It's a mighty fire," the boy said. "It's filling the sky, Gran'fether."

"It started under the staircase," the girl said. "Peter and Gerry were developing photos and left a candle burning in the corner, near the old papers and magazines. . . ."

"Where Mick and I kept the fishing tackle," the old man said softly. "'Twas Micky's own den. . . ." He broke off, averting his face. "Don't tell me about this. Glenadoon's dead to me. 'Tis God that destroyed her.'

The girl clutched his arm.

"You must help us, Mr. McCory."

"Never," the old man said. "I'll not lift a finger."

"What are we to do?" she begged him. "All the men are away at the fair. Mamma and the children are frightened out of their wits."

"Where's your fether?"

"Papa can barely move from his chair. . . ."

"With the gout, to be sure," Robert added.

"Oh, please, Mr. McCory!" She was already in tears.

"Under the staircase you say? . . . And that's on fire?"

She nodded.

"And Micky's rods? What have ye done with Micky's rods?" Robert demanded.

"The place was full of old rods and that sort of rubbish. That was the trouble . . ." she said passionately.

"Rubbish! huh. . . ."

THEY might have been my rods, who knows? For that is where I used to keep them in the days when Robert and I used to go fishing together in the Curran, as she rushed under the old Norman tower on the road to Drumkeady. My father was rector of St. Anne's; Robert's was William McCory, the coachman: but as my four brothers were all much older than I, and Robert and I were of the same age, we grew up firm friends.

Had his family been Catholic, Robert would probably have become a priest; as it was, he was bent on being a schoolmaster. But when his father got a chance of a holding and took it, Robert was needed to help on the farm. In Ireland the farm comes first.

The fields lay along a wide loop of the rectory wall. As the track skirting the wall was a long, inconvenient way round from one end field to the other, my father gave William McCory a right of way across our land. McCory built his cottage at the end of the moor, on a bleak stretch of land thrown in with the holding; and the first year I went to Trinity College in Dublin I remember seeing a second cottage being built on to the first: the new one had floor boards, and Robert, aged twenty, was about to be married.

Mary Campbell was a lady's maid from Monalea, a slender, pretty girl, with fragile wrists and clever, dainty hands, loving the touch of fine things and expert with a needle in the beautiful wardrobe of her mistress. She gave it all up to marry and love

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a gawky, impatient youth. She bore him four children — this doll-like creature, whose figure grew matronly and whose fine hands coarsened with lifting heavy pots on to a hook over the turf fire, getting mashes for the cattle and mixing the pig-food.

Robert could not have been an easy man to live with. He was intolerant and exacting. With tact, he could have run the farm all his own way, but his father was master and he directed the work. It was Mary who kept the peace between them. "In the name of God why don't you give your father his head?" she once said to her impetuous husband. "You'd get all you wanted if you didn't try to best him."

"The old fool's behind the times," was the answer she got.

Robert's tragedy was that his father lived too long, and died leaving little more than debt and a memory of a lifetime's resentment and bickering, Robert had deserved a better deal, but he wrought his bitterness on his own sons, driving two of them away to Canada. The third, a wild and handsome youth, broke his neck when his horse refused to take a stone wall; and his bereaved mother, gentle, selfless Mary McCory, died slowly and tearlessly of a broken heart.

Robert lived on at the farm with his daughter Jean, buying her a red-headed clod of a husband ten years younger than herself for £125 down and the farm left to them in his will; and grew into a fussy, ill-tempered old man.

Change was never to Robert's taste, particularly that affecting the lives and fortunes of his friends. With a change of government and a dwindling parish unable to support a church of its own, St. Anne's suffered the fate of so many Protestant churches all over Ireland: her owners stripped her bare within, scalped off her roof to save having to pay rates and left her to ivy and the weather to moulder into a romantic ruin. Under the new order, Glenadoon ceased to be a rectory and was sold and passed from one owner to another.

Robert hated every new owner of Glenadoon on principle; they came and went, as flint to his steel. But when at last one denied the right of way that had always been his, the sparks began to fly.

MAJOR HEGARTY had not set out to be unfriendly. Plump and round-faced, with a smooth, bald head, full lips and rather beautiful brown eyes, he had come determined to make himself popular. He was no farmer, but he was anxious to pick up all he could without appearing too obviously an amateur.

One day, as was his practice, Robert was driving his cart right across Glenadoon's acres to one of his end fields. Major Hegarty saw him coming and went towards the track.

"Mr. McCory," he began pleasantly as the cart drew up, "I'm not quite

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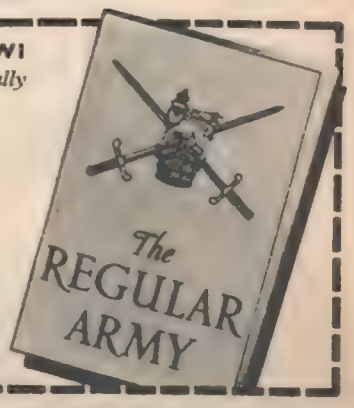

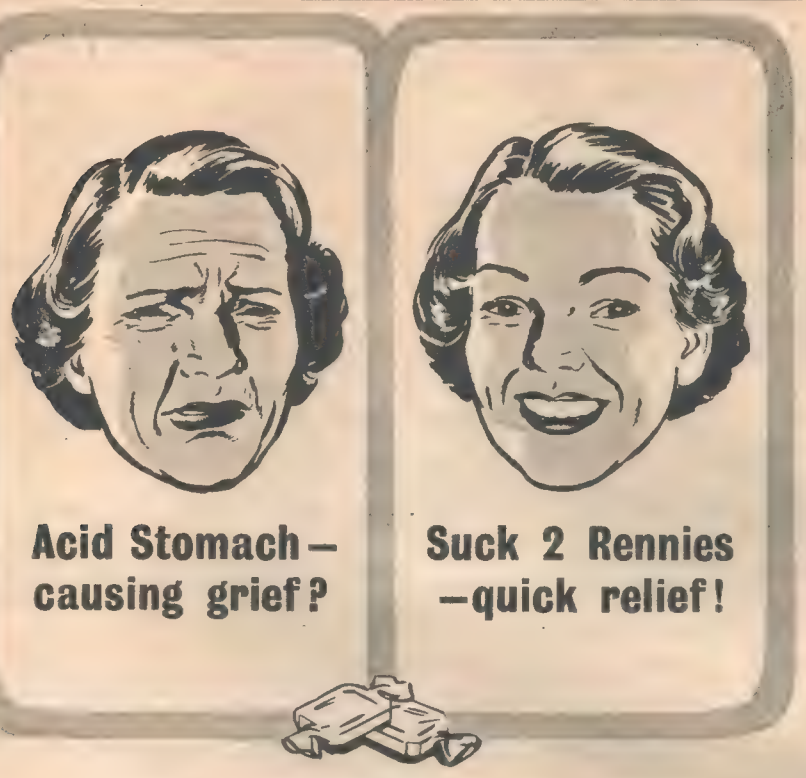

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sure about what I should do about Goat's Cross field. What would you say to a crop of beet?" There was just the faintest touch of patronage, as befitted the difference in the stations of a smallholder and gentleman farmer.

The smallholder could have shaken his head and no harm would have been done. But he turned on his votary. "Faith, the man who thinks of putting beet in that field should be digging ditches in the army, not farming Glenadoon," he said, clicking his tongue to his horse. The cart lurched forward, its driver stiffly erect and staring straight ahead.

Major Hegarty paled. "McCory!" he called after Robert, with a strange pitch in his voice. "You are trespassing. Get off my land, and don't ever set foot on it again!"

"This is me right of way," Robert replied over his shoulder. "I'll be using it when I please."

The argument was resumed the next day, as Robert drove out again to his field. "I've warned you, McCory—you're trespassing," the major stopped him. "Get off the way you came or I'll have the law upon you."

"The old rector himself gave this right of way to me fether," Robert said defiantly. "It's mine to use by the law the way I see it, and may God help you if you raise a hand to stop me!"

But the major was not a man to be trifled with. That afternoon he rode out to Drumkeady to see his solicitor. The solicitor assured him the land was his, that all he needed to do to deny a right of way was to seal up the gap in his wall; and back the major rode, collecting a party of his men and himself directing the filling of the gap with stones lying in the ditch nearby.

"So much for your Mr. McCory!" he said, when the wall was complete.

Robert did not see their handiwork until the next day, when he jerked his carthorse to a standstill, jumped out of his seat and tore down the stones from the gap with his bare hands. Then he drove his cart through, and was still muttering fiercely to himself when Major Hegarty encountered him half way across the cut.

"You're trespassing again, McCory," the owner of Glenadoon greeted him. "And I see you have done mischief to my property."

"With me bare hands I'll tear down every brick and stone you put up against me," Robert said fiercely. "If it's fightin' you're lookin' for, you've met your match in Robert McCory."

"That wall will be up again. I warn you, McCory, touch another stone of it and I'll have the guards on you."

That afternoon, as the major sat astride his horse directing the filling in of the gap again by four of his men, Robert was seen coming down the track by his end field with a party of neighbouring smallholders he had quickly rallied to his cause. They advanced on the gap, with Robert slightly in the lead, and they looked as if they meant business.

The major's men stopped as they came up, and both parties faced each other over the wall, not ten yards apart. The major stiffened on his horse.

"Good morning, McCory. What do you want?" he demanded.

"We've come to clear me right of way," Robert shouted.

"That you won't do, McCory. This is my land and I deny you right of way. Touch a stone and I'll run you in if it's the last thing I do." He signalled to his cowhand. "Carry on, Doyle."

"Yes, sir." The cowhand motioned to the yardman and the two ploughmen, who resumed operations, lifting the stones on to the crude wall and rocking them comfortably into place.

Robert watched for a while, then gave his orders: "Come on, lads, we'll do what we came to do," he told his side, taking hold of one of the stones that had just been laid on the wall and pulling it off. The farmers followed his example, and for the next few minutes the scene was pure, unrehearsed farce, in which a group of adult Irishmen, all desperately serious, succeeded in achieving the summit of artistic futility.

Watching them, the major's face flooded to a scarlet, inflating to a hot purple. "Stop!" he thundered, from his horse. "Stop, all of you!" The clatter of stones died down while the major swelled still further. "McCory! What do you think you are playing at? In the name of God, if you won't respect my property, I'll defend it. Touch another stone and I won't answer for the consequences."

"If there's blood spilt today," came Robert's reply, "every drop will be upon your own head."

The cowhand spoke for the major: "Go home, Robert, and have sense, an old man like you, instead of roarin' and fightin' for your so-called rights."

"Shut up, traitor," he was interrupted from the other side of the wall. "What have you been paid to betray your friends?"

Both sides had reached for their sticks. Dan Doyle, the cowhand, had his at the ready, an almighty shillelagh.

Suddenly it started. One of the major's men, Chris O'Mahoney, went down in the first encounter, but his friend, Dan Doyle, jumped into his place on the wall and flayed about him with two-handed swings of his shillelagh that carved a semi-circle in the opposing front and sent a couple of their weapons flying. There and then he might have decided the day for the major if Robert had not ducked under his swings and cracked him soundly on the shins. Dan crumpled in agony, jumped off the wall and went hopping out of the action.

The fight had settled down to a couple of bare-fisted single combats, with Robert and the odd men now turned to the fundamental business of tearing down the wall, when the resonant voice of Father Healy, the massive, red-faced parish priest, came up on a clatter of horse's hoofs. He had just heard of the affair and, sensing the seriousness of the situation, had ridden like fury to the scene.

"Stop!" he shouted, bucking his

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soil, rain and sun for two years, they won't flower. If you *must* keep them inside, pot them in natural soil above broken pottery for drainage.

"By George, Gladys, what do you think of this . . . I'm at the dangerous age!"

horse into the middle of the fight. "The next man striking a blow will answer to me!"

They fell apart, panting, lips cut, noses bleeding. "Who is that?" Father Healy demanded, pointing at the casualty.

"Chris O'Mahoney, Father."

"Look to him then, you idiot!" He turned to Robert. "Now, Robert McCory, you are in the wrong." He raised his hand for silence. "Oh, yes, I know all about your right of way, but that was only yours by the charity of the man that gave it to you. Major Hegarty is master of his land, as you are master of yours; and if he couldn't stop you crossing his land, you couldn't stop him crossing yours, or tramping your fields, or breaking into your home. And what would the country be like if the law couldn't stop that?" The argument flattened Robert's cause; his supporters looked uncertain. The priest continued: "I tell you the major has the law on his side, and what you've done, Robert, is going to land yourself in jail—and that goes for all who raised a hand to help him."

"I don't want to prosecute, but I won't have my property touched," the major said.

"Well, that's more of a Christian spirit than I've seen in a few other gentlemen present. Now go back to your homes and let no more be said."

"No, Father," Major Hegarty overruled him. "We'd be poor fish if we couldn't turn a good scrap into a good laugh. We'll drink on it before we forget it." He turned to Dan Doyle, sitting on a boulder nursing his shins. "Here's a pound, Dan. Take Mr. McCory and his friends to Kennefick's and do them well. I'll join you later."

The gesture secured his future in Donegal; it had the princely, sporting touch the Irish can never resist. In a few minutes the two parties were united and hurrying towards Kennefick's, their casualty recovering and helped along between them. Only Robert remained on his side of the wall.

Father Healy spoke to him: "Well, Robert, what's keeping you? Are you going to let those lads beat you to it?"

"I'll drink the health of no foreign trespasser," Robert said. "The Devil take you and yours, Major Hegarty, and Glenadoon with it!" And he turned and walked slowly back to his farm.

ROBERT'S bitterness did not lessen with the passing of the years. Major Hegarty prospered. His crops gave bumper yields, his cattle won prizes in the shows, and though it takes generations to cease to be considered a stranger in these parts, Major Hegarty was accepted and liked.

But Robert's attitude remained inflexible: his hatred was very much alive when I visited him a couple of years later and saw him shake with rage telling of what had happened. Yet I noticed that the height of stones filling in the gap was lower than the rest of the wall.

The following year the gap was lower still: indeed, I took to going back for two weeks every summer to fish in the Curran at our old spot and watched the gap widen. Stone by stone, the change may have been imperceptible, but to me, observing it at intervals, the result was obvious.

Knowing Robert, I believe that each stone was a token of his defiance and a blow for the rights that had been taken away from him. It kept his resentment alight.

If Major Hegarty noticed the thinning of the gap in his wall, he did nothing about it; perhaps he reasoned that, when so much depended on the goodwill of the country folk, it was more politic to say nothing and keep the peace.

So the years flicked by until the wall once more looked like an even row of teeth with one removed; and on one Fair Day, when Robert and Gordon were ploughing an end field, Penny Hegarty ran up shouting that Glenadoon was on fire. . . .

"Mr. McCory! Mr. McCory!" a voice came from over the Glenadoon wall, and Robert, Gordon and Penny saw her young brother Peter come bounding through the gap across the ploughed field towards them.

"Mr. McCory—my daddy sent me—" he panted out the message hoarsely, "—he says, could you please come—and help us——"

"Are you sure your fether called me?" Robert demanded.

"He did that, Mr. McCory."

"Then I'll come. Gordon, get the horse back to the yard," Robert told his grandson, flinging him the plough ropes. "Hitch him to the cart and drive round to Cronin's and McKeown's an' see if they've anybody home today, though I doubt it. Be sure to come straight back to Glenadoon, because I'll be needin' you there." And Robert ran off towards the burning house with Penny Hegarty and her brother stumbling after him.

Knowing every corner of the house, Robert was able to save the gear, the pictures and some of the lovely old furniture. But the flames had taken too great a hold, and Glenadoon was burned to the ground. Robert did his best, and in working to save her he sweated the bitterness out of his soul.

But when it was all over he went without another word. Climbing up into his cart, he took the reins from his grandson and drove across the major's grass, to the gap in the wall.

With a shake of the reins and a click of the tongue, they went through it into the end field and up the track to the farm on the edge of the moor.

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SOCCER STARGAZER

Continued from page 12

case of a junior. "When I watch a player," he explains, "I want to satisfy myself that he's a 'natural' who can control and kick the ball properly with either foot. Great players, or even good ones, can't be made from nothing, but they can be developed if there's something to go on. A boy who can control the ball well, shows good positional sense, and doesn't shirk making or taking a tackle, is worth a second look."

Such prizes are rare. Even when he finds one he may not be able to land it, for an amateur holding a well-paid job is unlikely to risk good prospects for the short and uncertain career offered by full-time professional football. Or he may be already on the amateur list of another professional club, in which case no approach can be made until the registration lapses. Nevertheless, Liddle pays periodic visits to note progress, ready to pounce as soon as the right moment arrives.

He spent two years watching goalkeeper Alf Jefferies, of Oxford City amateur club, though he knew that the player was practically earmarked for a professional career with Arsenal. His patience was rewarded when he found that Arsenal had not renewed the registration. Jefferies was invited to Brentford, played in a few trial games, and turned professional. Soon he was in the first team.

Could Not Leave Pits

Sometimes there are complications. A friend told Liddle about a half-back, Frank Latimer, playing for a colliery team near Sunderland. A first view convinced Liddle that here was a player with a future. But, under the Essential Work Order, Latimer could not leave the pits; he could play for Brentford only if the club found him similar work nearer its headquarters. After two months a transfer was arranged to Snowdown Colliery in Kent, and Latimer began playing for the London side. Eventually he left mining.

Not all searches end in triumph. On one trip to the north-east, Liddle watched a match between Consett and Annfield Plain in which one player so impressed him that he hurried to the dressing-room at half-time to talk business, instead of waiting until after the game.

"At the door I met some Newcastle United officials, who had had the same idea. I couldn't compete with the terms they offered and so I lost him." But Newcastle did not fully appreciate its luck. It let the player go to Lincoln City, and, as Lincoln's centre-forward, Andy Graver has been leading scorer in the entire Football League for much of the season.

There have been many cases where clubs have allowed future stars to slip through their hands. Liddle had a spell at Portsmouth, where there was an amateur named Ramsey. "We let him go, and I next saw him playing for Southampton. Now he is the England and Spurs full-back."

Sometimes a change of position turns a moderate player into a great one. Walley Barnes, Wales and Arsenal full-back, was formerly a forward; Sam Bartram, once a half-back, was advised to forget about football as a career, but won fame as Charlton's goalkeeper.

To lessen the risk of mistakes like this, Liddle usually tries positional experiments when, as sometimes happens, a club is attempting to sell a player. On these occasions, when they have surplus men to dispose of, clubs are like second-hand car dealers: no demonstration, it seems, is too much trouble.

A few weeks ago Ned went to watch a forward who, in his honour, had been specially picked for a certain match. He played in his normal position, and at half-time Liddle asked for him to be switched to the other wing. At the finish, still not fully impressed, he said he would like to watch him in another match, playing in the half-back line. The request was granted.

Ned's talent for spotting talent was discovered early in the century, in his own playing days, when he was with Clapton Orient. "I earned £3 a week and was the first Orient player to be granted a benefit. I was guaranteed £50, but by going round to all the pubs in the district asking them to put up subscription lists, I managed to push it up to £175. One of the directors of the club, a banker, complimented me on my financial astuteness—and then borrowed £50!"

Slag-heap Pitches

Liddle spent most of his summers at home near Sunderland, watching miners playing football on slag-heap pitches and reporting to his club when he saw one of outstanding promise. He knew he had scored as a scout when, after recommending a goalkeeper, he received a note from the manager which said: "If you can get him we shall be all right. We also want a good outside-left, a couple of inside-forwards and a full-back. Let me know by return how you get on."

Since that day, Ned Liddle has become a familiar and popular, if sometimes professionally unwelcome, sight at every major ground in the country. He has been an institution for so long that football folk have given up trying to work out how old he is. With misleading accuracy, he confesses to being nearer seventy than sixty. In fact, he is seventy-four.

The players he has discovered would total £1,000,000 in transfer values if they were all in their prime today. To find them he has spent four or five days every week watching football—something like 10,000 matches and countless miles of travel. His success has a simple explanation: "I love football. It never bores me." THE END

"Naturally, I won't breath a word to a soul. Now let me see if I have got all my facts right . . . "

OIL SULTAN'S POOR LITTLE RICH LAND

Continued from page 14

would soon be set at rest, for at three o'clock the latest core—a cylindrical specimen of the ground through which the drill is passing—was coming out.

When we reached the well, the core—a dull grey pillar several yards long—already lay in five long tin laboratory boxes by the side of the rig. Henry Sheldon, exploitation engineer, went down on his knees, crumbled a fragment, raised it to his nose. But the tell-tale smell of oil wasn't there—yet.

Back in the laboratory, the core would be tested under a fluoroscope—the oil would glow white—chemically analysed, described inch by inch. Many specialists would lend their aid to build up the final diagnosis.

And now, across the Sarawak border, at Bulak Setap in the jungle, a "wild cat" well is going down 10,000 feet, reached by a road that has had to be cut at great cost through difficult terrain of jungle and hills. It could be the start of a new field; it could be an expensive fiasco. For, paradoxically, despite all that science can do to outline probabilities, in the end there is only one way to make sure there is oil to be got—and that is to put down a hole.

But whereas in the highly prospected United States, the chances of a wild cat paying off are now put at one in a thousand, in still largely untouched Bornco they are one in ten—which, to an oilman's way of thinking, are about as nice odds as you could hope for.

So the roar of the gas-flares still sounds like a paean of triumph on the tree-fringed Brunei beach as into the coffers of this tiny state of 40,000 people flows the fabulous oil bounty of £6,000,000 in royalties a year.

What on earth do they do with it? It was an interesting speculation. I determined on a visit to Brunei Town, the capital of the protectorate and the seat of the Sultan. There I found the usual three-street bazaar, a little cutch factory distilling the mangrove bark brought down the river, the ornate house of Capitan China, the leader of the Chinese community, the Resident's offices with the Union Jack and the Brunei flag flying together in front.

But the great bulk of the people—and a large fraction of the State's population—lived, not here, but in the famous "Kampong Ayer," a sprawling congerie of villages built on stilts in the middle of a great sweep of the river.

It was here in this primitive river village—which might have been taken straight out of some traveller's tale of three centuries ago—that they built their canoes and sailing boats, beat out their Brunei silver, weaved the famous Brunei sarongs, run through with threads of gold. Precarious catwalks connected the several villages. People moved about their streets by boat.

Refused New Houses

When the tide was high, the river would come up through their floors, and they would have to perch, like fowls, among their rafters. Seeing this, the Sultan had offered to build them houses on dry land, resettling two to three hundred families a year at the Government's expense. But these people felt safe and secure in this old Brunei world, cut off in the great curve of the river. They would have nothing to do with any resettlement scheme. In Kampong Ayer the oilmen for once met their match.

Here and there were a few signs of the new Age of Plenty. There was the modest air-conditioned ferro-concrete house on a hilltop. There was a fine new hospital, new schools—though still without teachers. There were more Government scholarships for study in Sarawak and Malaya and Britain. A new bazaar was going up, on a new town plan. Nearly all the old taxes had been taken off.

But still the oil money piled up in the Treasury. Confessed the British Resident frankly: "We just don't know what to do with it. . . ."

For though the twenty-five year old Sultan who came to the throne last year is—in happy contrast to his predecessor—a progressive young man, anxious to do the best he can for his people, the kingdom he inherited is a pathetic vestigial remnant of a once great empire; an empire frittered, stolen and bartered away till all that is left is the makings of a W. S. Gilbert libretto.

No Woman Safe

Consider, for instance, the Pengirans—members of the Blood Royal. Since, in the past, the Sultans collected concubines wherever they went—and no man's wife or daughter was safe from them—Pengirans in Brunei are about as common as Smiths in Earls Court. They may be street sweepers or deckhands. The oil company employs many of them at Seria, although it generally only becomes aware of their royal status when they apply for leave to attend some palace function.

Except on the oilfield, Brunei's communications with the outer world are tenuous. Three times a week the Government launch slips away down the river, makes the three-hour crossing of beautiful Brunei Bay to Labuan island where the air liners come in from Singapore and Hongkong and Manilla.

But when I went to get my ticket a head was shaken at me. The launch's regulation twenty seats were already sold. I must see Mr. Corrigan, the marine superintendent. Mr. Corrigan, a pleasant young man in blue shorts, fitted me into his boat, and then, some time later, told me the remarkable story of how a young man from Blackpool came to be running Government launches up and down the rivers of Brunei.

After the war, John Corrigan had left the Merchant Marine to take a job in the Liverpool police. He liked the life fine—but there was one big snag. His wife lived in Fleetwood, he worked in Liverpool—and the Liverpool police couldn't find him a house.

One weekend, after another weary journey to meet his wife, Corrigan was glancing through a newspaper when his eye fell on an advertisement inserted by the Crown Agent for the Colonies. The job offered was in Brunei. Neither of them had the least idea where Brunei might be, but what really riveted their attention was just two words at the end: "House provided."

"Apply!" said Mrs. Corrigan, with decision.

I stood with John Corrigan on the wide veranda of that house as he told me the story. The house stood on a green hilltop. Below us, glistening in the evening sun, stretched the great sweep of the Brunei river. Native boats glided across to where the palm-thatched roofed huts of the Kampong Ayer floated like some remote timeless island.

He's Found Peace

Over to our right, John Corrigan's growing fleet of Government launches lay at the quayside, preparing to carry their loads of rations and mail up the Brunei rivers to the remotest long-houses and kampongs—a growing fleet, a fleet nourished on oil. And from the Kampong Ayer, afloat in the great, gleaming bend of the river, drifted up the dim sound of Brunei gongs.

John Corrigan was well content. He had a job, he had a house, he had a view and, most of all, he had the sort of peace which one had almost ceased to believe existed in this world.

Oil had done at least one Brunei citizen some good. THE END

ENJOY LIFE WITH £1,000!

YOU have to eat, don't you? Well, the stark facts of simple economics which face us all today are concerned with tomorrow's bread for over fifty million mouths—and whether there will be any butter on it.

Putting that thought tersely into a First Prize *Bullet* has just made economics matter slightly less to reader C. Day, 91 Rowheath Road, Birmingham. This was his £500 way of putting it in Competition No. 1,814: FAR ABOVE YOU—ECONOMICS? RIGHT UNDER NOSE!

With some such simple thought like that, as neatly compressed into two, three or four words, that coupon of yours below can mean for you *twice* as much prize-money as Mr. Day received. But it cannot bring to *you* the security and contentment of a £1,000 fortune unless you post it off by Monday, February 25.

£1,000

MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS in "BULLETS" TOURNAMENT

The most meritorious of the First Prize "Bullets" in Contests 1,820, 1,821, 1,822 and 1,823 will bring its sender £1,000 CASH—a £500 First Prize plus £500 Tournament Award.

£500 FIRST PRIZE

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2.10s., 50 of 10s.

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FINE FOWL BONUSES

A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

EXTRA £250 CASH

—see full details below

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Poor Britannia
To Speed The Houses
Butler's Big Stick
Burden Of Armaments
For The Egyptians
Menace On The Road
Austerity's Essential, But
Got It Hot
Cutting
In The Years Ahead
By Force
Must Like Work
Her Slave
Glittering Bauble
To Grandma
Sensible Girl
An Outcast
In The Canteen
Weakening
At The Bachelors' Club

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

America's.....
Holding The .....
If.....Met Stalin
..... Influence
Ticket To.....
Think Of The.....And

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated March 15, and in JOHN BULL, dated March 22), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,822 (or Xword 774), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

FINAL £1,000 OPPORTUNITY NEXT WEEK!

Here's £500 winner C. Day (extreme right)—just back from a flight over London with other guests at *Bullets* New Year Party

"Bullets" Winners 1,817

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Dinner with Film-star: W. CURRY, 11 Longlands Road, Sidcup, Kent:

THE ABOMINABLE BRITISH LEFT "TRACKS"—*Schools, Hospitals*——

£50: J. B. Beggs, 73 Hillmount Gardens, Finaghy, Belfast: LIKE HEROD OF OLD—ROAD-HOGS? HEROD HAD *Motive*!

£25: B. Rook, The Cottage, Old Wives Lees, Chilham, Canterbury: DEARER THAN EVER—STEEL—"PRICE." ATLANTIC ADMIRAL!

OTHER AWARDS. £10: E. Hammett, 3 Woodslea Cotts., Brampford Speke, Nr. Exeter: LIKE HANDLING OF OLD—CHINA, HANDLING "*New* CHINA." £9: Mrs. G. Ashton, 162 Leeds Road, Nelson, Lancs: BIT OF A LAD—*And* "GALAHAD," DAD! £8: J. Williams, 130 Dene Road, Headington, Oxford: MAN BEHIND THE MULE—SERGEANT—THEN IT *Bites*! £7: G. Smart, 7 Kensington Grove, Denton, Lancs: MAN BEHIND THE GUN—HESITATED—BRITISH POLICEMAN DIDN'T. £6: Mrs. G. Hirst, 3 Wallbridge Villas, Frome, Somerset: READY TO FIGHT—CLEANLY, *And* CLEANLINESS—SONNY. £5: L. E. King, 71 Sunnyside Road, Chesham, Bucks: MAN BEHIND THE CIGAR—OLDER—BUT OLD *Winston*! £5: Mrs. L. Wood, 10 High Street, Newport Pagnell, Bucks: THE ABOMINABLE STUFF—LODGER WAS SMOKING—*Mine*!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

CASH AND FOOD BASKETS FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 774**

1. If electric light goes out at party, don't immediately conclude it's due to this
3. If dinghy springs a bad leak in rough water, one may stop rowing the better to do this
6. One with sob in his voice may well be insincere
9. Portrait painter may occasionally find it very important to portray this
12. Bridge belonging to one isn't likely to be strong one
13. Flowing hairs on neck of an animal may distinguish this
14. Great many people who do this show little love for the countryside

Down Clues

2. Mother is gratified to note her children's these of contentment after their meals
3. A man may expect little or no yield from certain these
4. However mischievous one is, mother will love such a kiddy
5. Not the sort of thing experienced diplomat is likely to forget
7. Old-fashioned ones have been virtually killed by ridicule
8. Many a fine player has run a risk and taken one
10. Most producers of drama have studied
11. You may get information hitherto withheld, thanks to

£100 FIRST PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

50 JOHNNY-BASKETS

each value £2

Strong but elegant Shopping Baskets, made by blind workers and filled with larder luxuries—one with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES

—one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 769 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Gangs. 3, Lark. 7, Haze. 8, Grass. 11, Sea. 12, Tail. 14, Pan. 15, Teach. DOWN: 2, Glue. 4, Kiss. 5, Wig. 6, Ghastly. 9, Sly. 10, Toast. 13, Lath.

TWO £100 SHARERS: A. J. Allen, 28 Ashfields New Road, Newcastle-under Lyme; D. More, 129 Lordens Road, Liverpool.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared between 21 entrants, each of whom receives 5-lb. Roasting Fowl in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

MOSCOW TRIES TO BREAK OUR MARRIAGE

Continued from page 9

desperation, I had written to the Embassy in Moscow saying frankly that I believed Erena would be arrested at any moment. I had long got past appreciating the irony of the fact that a woman could be arrested for marrying me. My greatest fear was that Erena would be persuaded, one way or another, to divorce me. I under-estimated her strength of mind and indomitable courage. When I wrote again it was of her little nephew. I knew how his arrival must have emphasized to her our own senseless, childless separation.

August 27, 1948.—"Nadya and the baby are staying in the country with her brother for a few days and I am to go there when it is christened. Nadya's brother will be godfather and like me he has never been in a church before. I hope everything will be all right."

Only Five Wives Left

But no matter how much we talked of these simple, pleasant things, we always returned to the unending question of our separation.

September 30, 1948.—"Darling, always remember that I shall never be forced to divorce you, whatever happens to me. There are only five wives left here now, and they all say that they will never divorce their husbands. Darling, you have to save me, do everything in your power. I do not believe that girls want to divorce their husbands, they are forced to do this. But I shall be strong till I die. I shall always think about you and never give you up."

October 12, 1948.—"You must not be afraid, I shall never write to you as other Russian wives have written to their husbands. I have told you that I shall never do such a thing, and nobody will force me to do it. I would rather die. And that is what two of the girls here tried to do, they took thirty aspirins each, but were not killed. They were ill for several days. They said they were tired of life and that they could see no hope of rejoining their husbands. Naturally they are watched now to see that they do not try to commit suicide again.

"I know I have committed no crime. I hope with all my heart that some day I shall join you in England, in spite of everything."

Five wives left. The others divorced, disappeared, were arrested for theft. There were times when I could not grasp the impossible nature of it all. And there were times when I felt I had done nothing. I wrote to UNO, I wrote everywhere, but letters seemed hopeless. I thought of two possible solutions, one simple and straightforward, the other difficult and, of course, impossible, as she so quickly told me.

October 19, 1948.—"You can write to Mr. Stalin, but I do not know if it will help. But you may try, all the same. His address is very simple: U.S.S.R., Moscow, Kremlin, Generalissimo Stalin.

No Underground Way Out

"Don't dream of smuggling me from this country. It is impossible, your every step would be watched. Besides, there is a new regulation here. Foreigners are forbidden to travel more than fifty kilometres from Moscow, and they are not allowed to go to ten points within this radius. We must wait for the legal way. If you were caught smuggling yourself in you would be charged with being a spy, and then I should never see you again. You must wait for me in England and be patient."

Had it been possible I would have smuggled myself to Moscow. We had been separated for two and a half years and not once had anybody, in Russia or the West, given me a simple and convincing reason why such a separation was necessary. When I left Erena she had been a student, hardly more than a girl. Now she was a woman and I was quickly approaching middle-age.

NEXT WEEK: Letters from Erena after she had been kidnapped

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. .....

B. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

EX. .....

B. .....

Closing Postmark **1,822** MON., FEB. 25

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value .....

No. .....

Signed.....

Address.....

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REGISTER for "BULLETIN"—EXTRA £250 OFFERED

With my *Bullets* for Contest No. 1,822 I enclose P.O. 1s. No. ..... for 6 weeks' (A) *Bulletin* NEW Reservation—first copy dated March 8.
(B) Extension of present *Bulletin* supply.
(Delete whichever does not apply.)

Please register me for one share of the £250 Tournament Bonus if I win a cash prize in *Bullets* No. 1,822

NAME.....

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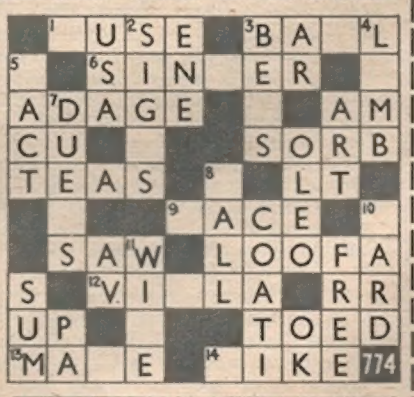
£100 and "FOOD-PLUS" Prizes for this XWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated March 8.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



■	1	U	2S	E	■	3B	A	■	4L			
5	■	6S	I	N	■	E	R	■				
A	7D	A	G	E	■	■	■	A	M			
C	U	■	■	■	■	S	O	R	B			
T	E	A	S	■	8	■	L	T	■			
■	■	■	■	9	A	C	E	■	10			
■	S	A	11W	■	L	O	O	F	A			
S	■	12V	I	■	L	A	■	R	R			
U	P	■	■	■	■	T	O	E	D			
13M	A	■	E	■	14	I	K	E	774			

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **774** Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 25

I enclose P.O. value..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

RHYTHM SHOWMAN OF RADIO

Continued from page 15

Command—and John became a combination of musician, producer, writer and actor.

It was during this period that he had a show broken up by a herd of wild elephants. The animals came charging out of the forest in the middle of a broadcast, and the cast immediately fled from the outdoor studio. "Never," says John reminiscently, "have so many run so far so fast."

He has been playing the piano since he was three years old. He learned to play the clarinet, saxophone and B-flat baritone when he was at Marlborough School, and he has also played the bass drum. When he went up to Oxford he joined "The Bandits," the University dance orchestra. They played second band at the Commemoration Balls, while the "name" bands were resting. Thus it was that he met such leaders as Ambrose, Lew Stone and Duke Ellington.

After graduating, Hooper went to the South of France with Garland Wilson, the great Negro pianist, who had a small band playing at St. Tropez. John was officially clarinet player, but when the club closed at night he frequently used to amuse himself by composing tunes on the piano.

One night, Wilson happened to overhear him. "What's that number?" he asked. "I haven't heard it before."

"It hasn't been written yet," John said. "I just made it up."

"Could you put words to it?"

"Why, I think so."

"Then do it, and I'll get Marie"—the vocalist with the orchestra—"to sing it."

So Hooper wrote the piece, the singer sang it, a music publisher from Paris heard it, and a short time later the number was being introduced to Paris at Le Boeuf sur le Toit. Since then, Hooper has published music under six or seven different names. Some of his compositions are "boogie," some are popular ballads, some are intricate piano virtuoso solos—and one or two have been devised expressly for children.

Willow Pattern Play

"Why don't you do a play about the story of the Willow Pattern?" he asked a TV Children's Hour producer one day. "You could get some marvellous Chinese musical effects."

"It sounds a good idea," the producer agreed, "but whom could I get to compose the tunes?"

"Why, me, of course," said John. "I'll write the play, too, if you like." He did so, and it was so successful that he was asked to think up another idea. He thereupon produced *The Nut Tree*, based on the nursery story, and introduced to television an old radio and film technique—that of the soliloquy. "We showed the little boy moving around with his lips quite still, but you could hear him talking to himself, as though his thoughts were audible. It was quite simple: we recorded his voice in advance, and dubbed it into the sound track."

John Hooper has been responsible for dozens of musicians becoming known to the British public, and he has acquired considerable personal fame himself. He is often asked to compère jazz concerts and variety shows.

On one occasion he was on the same platform as Gracie Fields. John gave a particularly good performance of his own that night. After it was all over, Gracie—who is roughly twenty years his senior—said, "There aren't many of us left, are there?"

Now thirty-five years old, Hooper lives at Henley-on-Thames, and drives up to London daily in a robin's-egg-blue convertible roadster. He says: "Lots of people know me from the car who never heard of me as a producer. It's good advertising." THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 20 is of Sir Alfred Munnings when a boy. The text is condensed from his autobiography, "An Artist's Life" (Theodor Brun).

JOHN BULL'S GARDENING GUIDE

As soon as a mild spell occurs, you can chance the sowing of Sweet Peas in the open where they are to flower, but some protection should be given when frosts are imminent. The same applies to a chance sowing of culinary peas. You will soon be planting seeds of annuals, vegetables, etc., so get your seed bed ready, for the condition of the soil is highly important. Choose a day with a drying breeze and break up all the lumps on the dry and manured plots with a spade. Use an iron-toothed rake up and down and across each plot two or three times until a fine tilth has been obtained. Leave for a week or so, then go over again to complete pulverization of the soil. Then you can make a start in raising your seedlings of half-hardy and hardy annuals and, of course, vegetables. The important thing is, have you yet ordered your seeds? If not, get the catalogues now and make your choice. When ordering remember a small packet of best quality is a better investment than a large packet of inferior strain. Collections of Chrysanthemums are usually available from March onwards. Place orders early.

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SWEET PEAS
A glorious mixture of GIANT WAVED varieties. 2/6 per oz. 1/6 per ½-oz.
LIST of named varieties and of other Flowers and vegetables sent on request.
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Sow Now Fogwills Dwarf Wonder Pea. A Pea to sow every DAY, all the YEAR ROUND. **Pick Green Peas throughout the year.** MARVELLOUS, CERTAIN and CONTINUOUS CROPPER. Requires no sticks, **2/10 per pint, carr. paid.**
Send now; every customer will receive Four Free **Gifts** as follow: 1/- packet (2,000 seeds) **Fogwills Prizewinner Carrot,** grown 2ft. 9in. long; FREE, a **6d.** packet (250 seeds) **Fogwills Crimson Beauty Beetroot;** FREE, **6d.** packet (500 seeds) **Fogwills Dainty Cabbage** and a **Free Bonus** packet of **Polyanthus, Giant Flowered Mixed. Send only 2/10** for this wonderful FREE OFFER.
Catalogue of "Best-Result" SEEDS FREE.
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GUILDFORD, SURREY
Established 1856. *Awarded* 71 *medals*

FREE COPY OF My Garden Book for 1952
SENT ON REQUEST
It contains a list of all the best Seeds and Highland Grown Seed Potatoes, with numerous cultural hints. A copy will be sent you free on application.
WRITE TODAY: DEPT. "B"
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ROSS'S FOR VALUE
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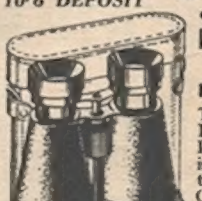
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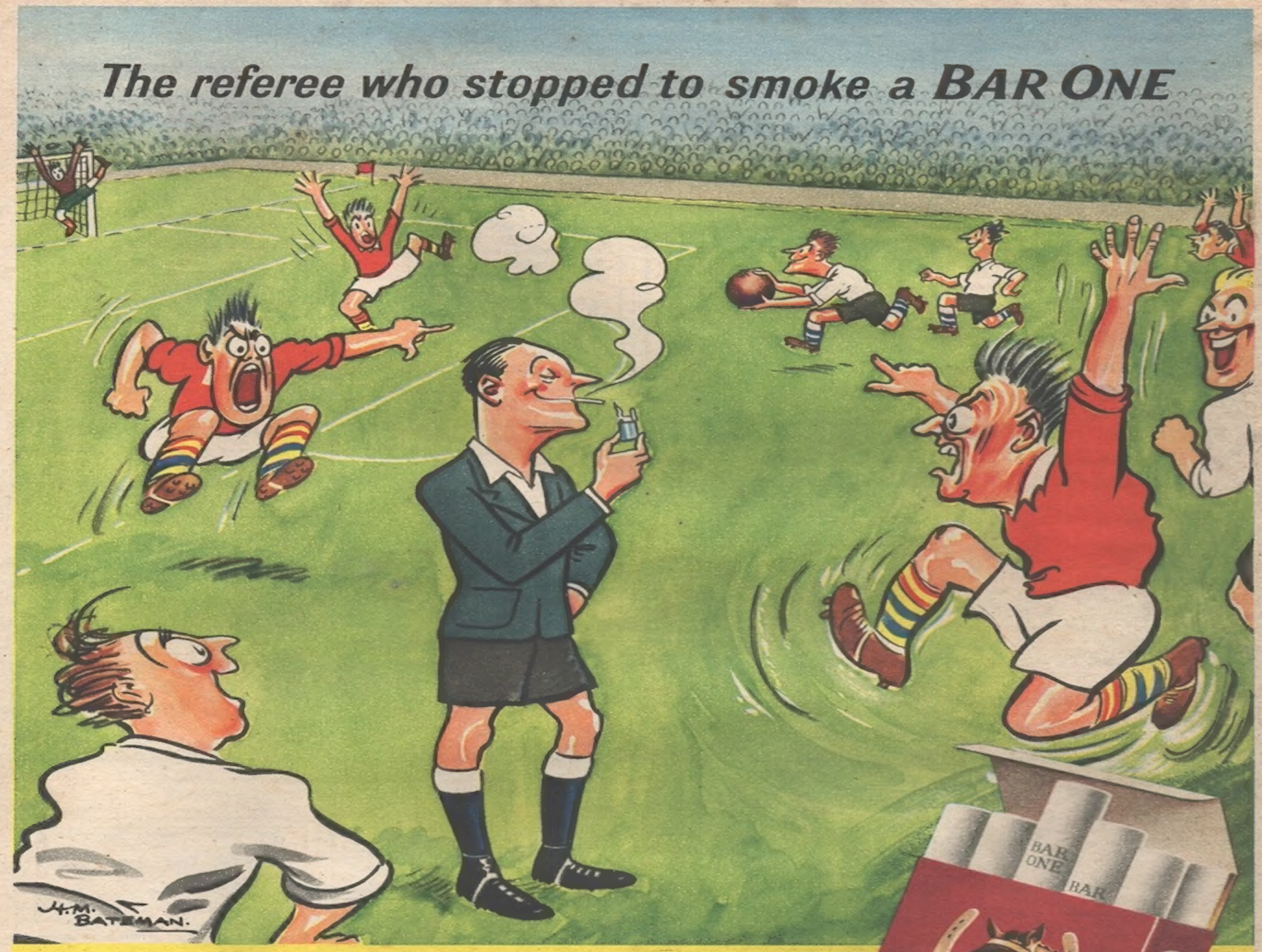

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